

# EDINGTON:

A NOVEL.

---

By RICHARD HEY, Esq.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

---

---

*Domestic scenes are food for greatest minds.*

---

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, BIRCHIN LANE,  
CORNHILL.

---

1796.

EDINGTON

A NOVEL

BY RICHARD HAYES

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

LONDON

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

1790



## EDINGTON.

---

### CHAP. XIV.

IN all this time, Mr. Layton was not at Edington. When he left it, he thought not of being so long absent from it. Lucy's character and charms had a real power over him. But the effects of his former attachment and disappointment were not gone. They wore out much more slowly than the impression made by Lucy. And the difficulties which attend an union so unequal in rank and fortune as one with her would have been, had their influence upon a heart so chilled with disappointment. Had he continued with her, his high esteem for such qualities as she possessed might have worked him up to the enthusiasm of love.

VOL. II.

B

But,

But, when, by absence, she came to be, in that respect, on a level with the former object, which it would have been his prudence to forget; this, added to the great youth of Lucy and the other unfavourable circumstances, made her to lose ground in his heart. And he suffered his thoughts to desert a possible future good, in order to dwell upon a prospect which was passed away and existed merely in imagination,

It was now not much less than two years, since Mr. Layton paid the visit to Edington in which he became acquainted with Lucy. He did not lose his esteem for her and her family. When his sister observed him to be void of relish for any common enjoyment or pursuit, or perceived his features assuming a fretful shape, she could restore a more agreeable shape to his features, or even sometimes animate him to action and enjoyment, by recalling his ideas of the cottage at Edington. But these

these effects became gradually weaker. And, from the first, you might remark in him more of that warmth of esteem which openly brings itself forward, than of that glow of delicate affection which delights to burn in secret.

But, although he had not sufficient incitement to make him the proposer of a visit to Edington, yet, when Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook expressed a wish for it, and his sister, partly for his sake, encouraged it, he agreed to the proposal. So he would have done to things much less agreeable to him. An indolent melancholy stole upon him; gentle in its degree, but which made it painful to refuse, as well as to propose. He was sometimes driven into action, by the mere dread of taking so active a part as that of resisting the proposal of a friend. When Edington was proposed, he did not feel a simple repugnance; but a mixture of repugnance and desire. One while he was attracted by the



thoughts of being with Lucy. Another while he was repelled by the fear of loving her too much. *Love* for his lost Constantia gave him a sensation of infidelity in thinking of another. But his *esteem* for her satisfied him, that (if she could learn his fate) nothing was more likely to give her satisfaction than that he should find in love a solace to his griefs. Now he sunk under the ridicule which might follow his attachment to one of Lucy's rank and youth: and now he was born aloft by the sovereign contempt in which he held every maxim that could depress a Being placed, by the lustre of her merit, above coronets and diadems.

"Let us go," said he to his sister: "I have not seen a true Eynsbury, I fear, since I left that family in their cottage. And, if I cannot love Lucy as ——— you know what I mean," (for he could not bring himself to name Constantia,) "I can admire that spirit which in her  
"father

" father is admirable, but in her is astonish-  
 " ing; and is at the same time so set off  
 " by the most pure and unaffected female  
 " charms, that, I own, nothing I was ever  
 " conscious of surprized me more, than  
 " that I should escape so slightly wounded  
 " from so powerful a force. I did not  
 " boast of it, even to myself; but felt  
 " ashamed. Let us go, Anne." " And  
 " fall in love on purpose," answered Miss  
 Layton, " by reason, by rule and mea-  
 " sure." " Not so," he replied: " but,  
 " if every man who does fall in love,  
 " could feel that approbation of his rea-  
 " son which I should in this case, the world  
 " would be a much happier, as well as  
 " more rational, scene than it is. If you  
 " look back upon my life, you will not  
 " accuse me much of falling in love by  
 " rule and measure."

This effectually cured Anne's disposition  
 for jesting. She knew that what he said last  
 was but too well founded. And she per-

ceived they were in danger of being involved in a subject which she always studiously avoided. She was therefore glad to put an end to the conversation.

As they approached to Edington, Mr. Layton found that he had in his mind much stronger and more distinct images of some things which had passed there, and of some scenes and faces which he had there seen, than he had been able to recall when at a greater distance. Account for this, Reader, as you please. Only, if you never experienced the like yourself, do not therefore affirm that no one else has. When they were about half a mile from Mr. Ambrook's, "There," he exclaimed, "I have it now completely." "What are you speaking of?" said his sister. "I have tried," he answered, "a hundred times, I dare say, to recollect one particular look of Lucy's; and never could fairly catch it, till we were turning that corner this moment. It darted  
"into



“into my mind like lightning.” “Well, “now,” said she, “you talk like a good “lover, and not like a rational creature. “I am glad of it.” But the moment the words were out of her mouth, she thought his exclamation was totally unlike any thing she could recollect him to have uttered in the days when love had the greatest power over him. In those days the observers of his passion gained their knowledge from the involuntary marks which escaped him, and which, the moment he perceived they were observed, were increased and accumulated till he was lost in confusion. Whereas his present exclamation was uttered with a temperate animation of countenance, and left his eyes perfectly free to encounter those of his sister.

Arriving at Mr. Ambrook's, they received the expected welcome. They had not been long in the house, before they were deeply engaged with Mr. and Mrs.

Ambrook in conversation upon the Eynsbury family. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook talked of them still in the same strain of friendship and commendation: giving only an account of Lucy so far different as might possibly be attributed to her advance in age. Although, indeed, it seemed more satisfactorily accounted for, when they added that she was supposed to be in some degree attached to a young man, who much resembled the Eynsbury family in this respect, that his attainments and his manners were above the station he occupied, while in no action of his could be discovered any disdain of mean occupations, or any aversion from a life of labour.

This roused the attention of Layton. "And who," says he, "is this young man?" "Edward," answered Mrs. Ambrook; "George Eynsbury's labourer. "You have heard of him." "True," said Layton; "you sent us word of a stranger,

“ger, who fortunately came to the relief  
 “of Mr. Ambrook, when he met with  
 “his accident. He interested you much  
 “by his behaviour on that occasion: and  
 “the account you sent us of the accident,  
 “with the stranger’s behaviour, did (as  
 “you would suppose) highly interest us.  
 “But, at the first sound, I did not re-  
 “collect that his name was Edward.—  
 “And he has continued with Eynsbury  
 “ever since?” “Yes,” replied Mrs.  
 Ambrook; “and has been an inmate in  
 “the house, except that he sleeps at Wil-  
 “liam Lake’s: where Eynsbury placed a  
 “bed for him,—partly, perhaps, with a  
 “view of making, in the easiest manner  
 “possible, a present of the bed to Wil-  
 “liam. Eynsbury, I assure you, im-  
 “proves his property again.” “I re-  
 “member him well,” cried Layton;  
 “it was not in Fortune’s power, while  
 “she left himself and his family the use of  
 “their mental and bodily powers, to make  
 “him the poor wretch we but too often



" behold. And I well remember the  
 " contest of generosity between those two  
 " heroic minds in poverty. When I see  
 " the family of Eynsbury, (which, I hope,  
 " will be soon,) I shall be curious, at the  
 " same time, to see Edward the labourer."  
 " He is quite domesticated with them,"  
 said Mr. Ambrook, " and so well incor-  
 " porates with a family which, by their  
 " polite manners in poverty, and by other  
 " superior qualities, appeared almost to  
 " form a sort of distinct species of them-  
 " selves, that both they and we can scarce-  
 " ly do less than rejoice at the accident  
 " which befell me. For, if it was not the  
 " absolute cause of his introduction to  
 " them, it did certainly much facilitate the  
 " progress he made in their favour."  
 " And, pray," said Layton, " do you sus-  
 " pect him to have fallen from a higher  
 " station?" " We do suspect it," an-  
 swered Mr. Ambrook; " but, when we  
 " have given him an opportunity of re-  
 " lating any part of his history, we always  
 found

"found that we gained no intelligence.

"And Eynsbury says the same."

"Have you lately seen," said Mrs. Ambrook to Miss Layton, "your friend  
"Mr. Edward Campley?" "My brother's friend, if you please," she answered: "but, indeed, it makes no great  
"matter whose friend he is to be called;  
"for his own family seem to have lost  
"him." "Is he gone the tour of the  
"globe," said Mrs. Ambrook, "or only  
"to the East Indies, or some such trifling  
"excursion?" "The family either do  
"not know whither he is gone," she replied, "or they think proper to make a  
"secret of it. My brother has inquired  
"several times after him, with intention  
"of paying him a visit; but receives no  
"account that contains much information."  
"We were rather sorry," said Mrs. Ambrook, "that he departed from  
"this place so unexpectedly. We felt as  
"if we had scarcely paid sufficient attention

"tion to him: the Eynsbury family had  
 "so particularly engaged us all, that even-  
 "ing, on your account. And we had  
 "depended upon seeing more of him be-  
 "fore he went. I believe, no person  
 "ever made a stay of that length in our  
 "house, of whom we could (after his de-  
 "parture) give so little account, or of  
 "whose appearance we could recollect so  
 "little."

The next day, Mr. Layton and his  
 sister agreed to commemorate their ori-  
 ginal visit to the cottage, when the friend-  
 ly shower introduced them, by taking the  
 same walk and calling at the cottage in  
 their return. They found Mary Eyns-  
 bury and Lucy engaged in employments  
 resembling those in which they had first  
 found them: and the whole appearance of  
 the cottage and its humble furniture re-  
 vived a most pleasing train of ideas. The  
 reception they met with, was more grate-  
 ful to them than splendor and luxury could  
 have



have produced. And an old subject of conversation was soon renewed by Mary and Lucy; the beneficent and patronizing spirit of Mr. Ambrook, with the peculiar attentions which he had paid to themselves. "This country, then," said Mr. Layton, "seems much indebted to the care of a young man, who delivered your benefactor (as you term him) from a very perilous situation, with some risk and some detriment to himself." Lucy, who had quitted her occupation to sit down by Miss Layton, rose hastily and returned to it; not daring to intrust herself with talking on the subject of Edward. And, if her mother could have taken that part of the conversation wholly upon herself, yet to sit by in silence and betray no emotion might have been at least equally difficult. "It was indeed," answered Mary, "a fortunate thing, that the young man should come to the spot so opportunely: and he acquitted himself with spirit and success."

Mary

Mary could not refuse this tribute of praise to Edward. However, she did not launch out into his praises with the freedom which would have been natural to her at his first coming. She felt herself too intimately interested in him, for this; and was aware of something passing in Lucy's mind. Mr. Layton, perceiving some difficulty of this sort, and finding that Lucy did not return to her seat, suffered the subject of Edward to drop. After which, addressing himself particularly to Lucy, he succeeded in bringing her back to her seat. He endeavoured to draw her into talking of her father in the old strain, which had caused such peculiar delight at the first visit. But pleasures of this sort frequently refuse to come at command, or to be renewed after an interval of time. The important subject of the fire which had reduced them to poverty, with the comparative recency of that subject, granted, on the former occasion, a sanction to the open praises which were then given to George Eynsbury by his wife

wife and daughter, and which would not now have been so natural. Nor would it have been equally natural for Lucy, now nearer the age and condition of a woman, to have talked of a father with that rapturous openness which had been such a feast to Layton. He was mortified: but he presently discovered, that he was aiming at a repetition denied by the mutable nature of this world. He acquiesced as a philosopher, while he felt as a man. Miss Layton delivered a message, inviting the family to go next day to Mr. Ambrook's: and they came away.

When the men returned from their work, Mary informed them of the visit she had received, and said that her visitors had expressed a wish to see the man who had rescued from such a state of peril a person connected with them by blood and affection; and that he was included in the invitation for next day to Mr. Ambrook's. Eynsbury observed that Edward



ward did not acquiesce in the invitation with his usual readiness and pleasure: but, as no reason occurred to account for the appearance, he suffered the thought to pass quietly out of his imagination. Edward could not doubt that Mr. Layton would recognize him: and, being unprepared for such an event, he thought best to avoid a meeting, without foreseeing distinctly whether good or harm might be the consequence. He contrived accordingly to be employed in something which prevented his attending the party next day. This again took the attention of Eynsbury: but he could make nothing of it.

## CHAP. XV.

Mr. Layton was not thus to be put off. He called one morning, soon afterwards, at the cottage; and got Lucy to give him directions to the fields where her father and brother were at work. After which he asked, "Is Edward with them?" "Yes, I believe;—I believe so," answered she: "you must turn to the left, Sir, when you get through the first gate, and—" She was going on, hastily and unasked, to give her directions a second time. For she found his last question a little dangerous to her countenance, and was afraid of its being followed by others which, in keeping up the mention of Edward, though with nothing more pointed, might render her feelings visible.

visible. "I thought," interrupted Layton, "you said that the first turn was to the *right*." "To the right?" said she: "O, yes, it is to the right: and then—" "and then—O, you go over the brook and over a fallow field and—" "But, does not the fallow field come before the brook?" "Stay," said Lucy, "let me see: yes, the fallow field comes before the brook." Layton could not refrain from smiling: but, unwilling to put her to serious difficulty, he went off rather abruptly; saying that he thought he should find them pretty readily; and, if not, that he had an English tongue in his head to make inquiry with. He was gone. Else she might have told him, that, if he should be fortunate enough to find any person to inquire of, yet the person might not perhaps have such an English tongue to answer with, as Layton could understand.

He pursued his route prosperously for  
some



some time. But, suffering his thoughts to wander, he discovered presently that his feet had wandered from the path which they ought to have kept. He met with some shepherds, and attempted to enter into conversation with them; but found an extreme difficulty in understanding them, and *some* difficulty in making himself understood. Seeing before him the noble remains of the ancient encampment called Bratton Castle, he asked the road to it; thinking he might now get a direction which would be of use to him in some future walk. One of the shepherds gave him the following answer. "There's  
 " narro' rhaud theaze wye: but, ef ye do  
 " gwo athurt the bruk, and gwo below to  
 " the rhight, you'll come to a turnpike,  
 " and that eant vur toot. Or, ef ye do  
 " turn to the church-yard, ye may gwo  
 " close be he. Ye do zee, yon, a voot-  
 " path,—thic there, streight vorrud,—a  
 " dwon't rhin rhight dro'n, but a do come  
 " close to'n." Having, by repeated in-  
 terrogations,

terrogations, comprehended as much of the above answer as might be of some use on a future occasion, he was more successful in asking for the field where George Eynsbury was at work. For it was very near the spot where Layton was talking to the shepherds. When they found that he knew Eynsbury, this gave a more pleasant and cheerful position to the muscles of their faces. Eynsbury had preserved all the love, and much of the respect, which he had obtained from his neighbours when in a higher state. It would be difficult to find a poor man equally respected; and not very difficult to find *some* rich men, respected less.

Layton came up to Eynsbury: who said, " Now, Sir, you have an opportunity of seeing the young man who first became famous amongst us by being the deliverer of one whom all this country would have mourned to have lost, and lamented to have beheld suffering

"suffering under any great misfortune."

"With your introduction," said Layton,

"I shall venture to shake him by the hand."

He was within a few yards. They went up to him. Eynsbury observed in him a hesitation, which he should have attributed to awkwardness and clownish bashfulness in any stranger habited and occupied as Edward was. But he knew Edward too well, to admit of that solution. And, like a wise man, when he had no good grounds for any solution, he left the matter unsolved, and waited the event.

"Your employer," said Layton to Edward, "gives me leave to take your hand."

"Will you do the same?" Edward gave his hand in an insipid, and what might appear an unfeeling, manner; saying,

"Thank you, Sir;" but casting his eyes upon the ground. Layton was confound-

ed by it; and perhaps felt an effect from the face being not perfectly new to him, though he could scarcely yet be said to suspect that it was one he knew. Which,

under



under all the circumstances, was not wonderful. In his disappointment, he began to commend the prospect before them; and stepped on a few paces, as to contemplate it. Edward stepped after him. Eynsbury stood still, to observe them; and detained Paul, who, without suspicion, was moving after them.

“Do not betray me,” said Edward to Layton; coming abreast of him, lest Layton, in facing about, should discover too much to those behind. The sound, as well as the sentiment, struck Layton: and, looking at the natural and speaking countenance of Edward, he recognized him immediately. In this he was assisted by the idea that Edward Campley had been for some time lost to his family. But he so quickly entered into his friend’s feelings, that, in the position of those two, nothing could be discovered even by the watchful and sagacious Eynsbury. “Can you walk towards this spot to-morrow evening

“evening at seven?” “I will,” answered Layton. “I will meet you,” replied Edward: “let us turn to our party.” They turned to Eynsbury and his son: and nothing very particular passed in the remainder of this conversation.

At the time appointed, by the light of a rich October moon, Layton pursued the route agreed upon. Edward was punctual, and conducted him along a sequestered path, suited for private conversation. “I am now discovered,” says he, “and ought rather to wonder that a discovery has not sooner happened. But, Mr. Layton, I feel very unlike what I conceive the thief or the highwayman to feel, when detected in their depredations. The light of this pale moon may not inform you whether I blush or not; but I feel not afraid of the mid-day sun.” Layton thought he could distinguish an honest sublimity in Edward’s tone of voice, and the spirit of his step.

“If

"If our intimacy has not been great,"  
 said he, "which may be owing to acci-  
 dent, I have sufficient knowledge of  
 Mr. Edward Campley, to expect from  
 him actions which a man might rather  
 glory in than be ashamed of." "That  
 sounds somewhat too high," was a re-  
 mark thrown in by Campley. "But,"  
 continued Layton, "if you have any thing  
 to communicate, I shall be a patient  
 hearer, if not a voracious one. I be-  
 lieve I am somewhat older than I was,  
 and my ears may require more power-  
 ful stimulants than formerly." "If  
 you," said Campley, "can justly com-  
 plain of effects like those of age, before  
 you are thirty, they must arise from some  
 other cause than age. If you have  
 good reason for it, I pity you." "Come,  
 come," said Layton, "this leads to my  
 history, not yours. Every thing in or-  
 der, at least. If mine should come,  
 let it be after yours is concluded. I  
 beg pardon: for I seem to take for  
 granted



" granted that you will favour me with a  
 " communication. But let nothing be  
 " forced."

Campley thanked him for his candour, and did not interpret it into want of interest in the affairs of a friend; as some, of high pretensions in friendship, would have done. He proceeded to relate the particulars of his history, from the time when he had left Layton at Mr. Ambrook's, with a hasty leave taken unexpectedly and early in the morning. In speaking of his father, he used not one severe or complaining expression. He related the negociation between his father and himself in the simple and easy style of narrative suited to matters of business, without any language that might even imply his father's conduct to stand in need of extenuation. Instead of dwelling upon the property he might have reckoned himself to have lost, he spoke rather like a man who thought he had made a good

Vol. II. C bargain,

bargain, in retaining what he did, with liberty of pursuing what to his eyes made all property look insignificant, except so much as was necessary for obtaining her with the approbation of his own conscience. "I am now," added he, "become a hardy shepherd and a skilful labourer; wind, and rain, and snow, are become congenial to my face. Now I know feelingly, what I had but read, and that sometimes yawningly, that vigorous health is above riches with languor and idleness, that labour is compatible with content and even happiness, and that poverty, if well managed, has its real and substantial enjoyments. Does this sound philosophical? Perhaps Lucy is at the bottom of it all. I reason no more about it; but give you leave, who are my senior in philosophy, as in age." Layton shook his head.

When Campley had finished his account, Layton said: "In a love story,

"one

"one generally expects to hear something  
 "of rivals: but you have not hinted at  
 "one. Is Lucy really not so charming  
 "as you represent her? Or, has nobody  
 "but yourself the sense to find it out?"  
 "You do not wonder," answered Camp-  
 ley, "that the men of Lucy's present sta-  
 "tion should either be blind to her great  
 "excellencies, or afraid to take one for a  
 "wife who has been reduced from a su-  
 "perior station; nor that many of those  
 "who once were only her equals, should  
 "now find sundry good reasons for think-  
 "ing they had erred in the high opinion  
 "they had formed of her:—a child, too,  
 "you know, a mere child, before the re-  
 "duction of the family." So then," said  
 Layton, "you have never heard of a rival  
 "of the name of—Layton!" "Who?"  
 "How?" exclaimed Campley: "you are  
 "jesting." But these words were spoken  
 so as to shew a degree of alarm. "Then,"  
 said Layton, "you did not discover me  
 "that evening which you and I spent at  
 "the



"the cottage together?" "No," answered Campley, "you talked too openly in Lucy's praises, after we had left the cottage, to suffer any suspicion to lurk in my mind. No, no, Layton, you were not grievously wounded at that time, whatever you may have been since: but, I fancy, you are but making a little sport of me." "Seriously," answered Layton, "my sister, with a little help from Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook, found me not very difficult to be persuaded that I was in love with Lucy. And, to say the truth, I so highly admire her character, that I think myself a very stupid fellow, for being so cool a lover." "Lover!" exclaimed Campley: "you are one, then." For, notwithstanding Layton's friendly openness, the matter was of so tender a nature, that Campley could not escape agitation.

"Are we then," said Layton, "to  
 "measure

“measure swords, or shake hands?”  
 “Actually,” answered Campley, “you  
 “have given me such an alarm, that I  
 “fancy I now feel distinctly, in spite of  
 “my most settled reason, how a lover  
 “may suffer himself to appeal to the most  
 “absurd of all methods for deciding suc-  
 “cess in love. I feel, that to incur the  
 “greatest personal danger in preference to  
 “the danger of losing Lucy, would not  
 “even suggest the idea of courage. It  
 “seems an impulse of that blind and  
 “powerful nature, that, in following it,  
 “I acquire but the praise of a ferocious  
 “brute animal. But why should I dis-  
 “cuss this subject, when you talk of shak-  
 “ing hands?” Layton took him by the  
 hand, and said: “It might have been my  
 “wisdom to continue here, and attend to  
 “Lucy. Yet, had I succeeded, I should,  
 “it seems, have deprived you of her, and  
 “her of you. You will love her more  
 “suitably to her deserts than I should have  
 “been able;—to my shame be it spok-

"en." But a soft sigh followed, which inclined Campley more to pity than blame him. He proceeded. "As to *her* lot, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook will be perfectly reconciled, as soon as they hear of your pretensions: and my sister will be the same, as soon as she knows thoroughly Edward Campley. And, as to *my* lot——" He paused. Campley looked in his face, but did not chuse to interrogate. "My lot," said Layton, "is finished." He paused again: then went on. "I have lived. I have loved. And, young as I am in years, I have nothing left of the pleasures of life, but to breathe and exist, to go through the common round of daily actions, and to contemplate a picture which, through the gloom of melancholy interposed, darts here and there a bright tint." His mind, at this moment, was overspread with a deeper shade of melancholy than usual. His views of life, and his expectations, took their colouring from it.



it. At another time, all would appear under different hues.

"A picture, Sir?" said Campley: "is it one that you can exhibit to a friend?"

"To you," answered Layton, "I should not scruple to exhibit it. I mean the picture of the last eight years of my life: which some of my friends know but too well, for their own comfort."

"It would gratify me much," replied Campley, "to have such a confidence placed in me." "To be minute,"

said Layton, "would require greater leisure than our present situation admits."

"But what is most material lies in a narrow compass."

## C H A P. XVI.

LAYTON proceeded. " At the age of  
 " twenty I loved—Pardon me, Sir. When  
 " I am once fairly going, I hope to speak  
 " with firmness. And this imperfect light  
 " suits my feelings. We had better not  
 " defer to a future time.—Constantia—  
 " that was her name. I had every reason  
 " to believe her favourable to my wishes,  
 " which I could have without any thing  
 " being said or done on either side, that  
 " could express or imply engagement.  
 " But I was then pursuing the study of  
 " physic; and wished to enter upon the  
 " practice before I proceeded to a propo-  
 " sal of matrimony. I continued to visit  
 " her and the family of which she made  
 " a part, as much as all the circumstances  
 " of

“ of my situation permitted. My choice  
 “ was highly approved by those of my  
 “ friends to whom I made the confidential  
 “ communication: by friends who judged  
 “ from the qualities of her head and heart,  
 “ and were under no temptation to be  
 “ misled by qualities more perishable or  
 “ less conducive to felicity. I was a spoil-  
 “ ed child. My fortune was so good that  
 “ I put no bounds to my expectations. I  
 “ forgot that perfection does not belong  
 “ to this world. I began to discover  
 “ faults in her whom any other lover, and  
 “ without much of exaggeration, would  
 “ have styled faultless. And, finding an-  
 “ other object, who appeared free from  
 “ those particular faults, I seem vainly to  
 “ have taken for granted that she must  
 “ have the excellencies of the first. Prid-  
 “ ing myself upon my discovery, and  
 “ blinded by partiality for my new-formed  
 “ judgment or passion, I deserted,—O  
 “ Campley, I deserted my own happiness;  
 “ through a false refinement in love and



" moral perception. Well had it been for  
 " me, if circumstances had induced or per-  
 " mitted me to have declared, before that  
 " time, my original passion. For, while I  
 " am exposing my fault, suffer me to say  
 " thus much in my own behalf; that, had  
 " I felt any degree of engagement, in ho-  
 " nour, to my first object, the brightest  
 " charms of the second would, I am per-  
 " suaded, in vain have assailed me, and my  
 " felicity had been secure. But, being cer-  
 " tainly, in strictest honour, free to chuse,  
 " and foolishly imagining such freedom to  
 " be more valuable than the having already  
 " found an object of the highest merit,  
 " and, in disposition, peculiarly suited to  
 " myself, I played the true unruly Eng-  
 " lishman; who thinks the liberty even of  
 " ruining himself preferable to the highest  
 " and most established prosperity.

" After this pettish and imprudent ver-  
 " satility, I wish, Campley, you could have  
 " beheld her reception of me. Still, in  
 " her

" her looks, her manner, her language,  
 " she expressed (but with the most deli-  
 " cate modesty) a settled regard for me;  
 " the reverse of every thing gaily forward  
 " and importunate, yet free also from all  
 " affected depression of spirits. The in-  
 " fatuated insolence of my theoretical li-  
 " berty of choice, and the ill-founded self-  
 " applause for having betaken myself to  
 " an object imagined to be one step near-  
 " er to perfection (but an object probably  
 " unattainable by me)—these steeled me  
 " against all effectual impression. I suf-  
 " fered, indeed, even then; but was  
 " buoyed up by delusive spirits, and called  
 " myself a hero for not giving way.

" It was not very long before I disco-  
 " vered that my second object, though  
 " free from the faults which my pernicious  
 " sagacity had boastfully fixed upon in my  
 " dear Constantia, had some of her own.  
 " These growing upon me, together with  
 " the sense of her being uninterested

“ about me, if not otherwise unattainable,  
 “ it is difficult to say what principally  
 “ brought me to my senses. I awoke,  
 “ from a tumultuous dream of unsatisfying  
 “ pleasure and pride, to a painful repen-  
 “ tance. To return to Constantia, was  
 “ not only humiliating in the appearance,  
 “ and severely mortifying to my feelings,  
 “ but probably unacceptable to her, and  
 “ therefore useless to me. And my pride,  
 “ or levity, or excessive refinement, or  
 “ *false* refinement, or whatever it was that  
 “ had brought me into that situation, was  
 “ followed also by this bad consequence,  
 “ that I lost my relish for my profession.  
 “ The chief stimulus to the pursuit of my  
 “ studies was gone. My hopes of pecu-  
 “ niary compensation were, at that distance  
 “ of time, far too weak, or, at best, were  
 “ desultory and unsteady. I stood not in  
 “ absolute want of them for a support:  
 “ and the prospect of guineas hereafter to  
 “ be placed in useless heaps, of a well-  
 “ provided table wanting her who should  
 “ have



“ have graced it and given it a relish, or  
 “ of equipage and attendants for the use  
 “ of a poor solitary and self-condemned  
 “ being,—the prospect of all this had not  
 “ attractions sufficient to draw me through  
 “ the drudgery of preparation, and a sub-  
 “ sequent uncertain interval before I should  
 “ arrive at the possession of my ineffective  
 “ wealth. I sunk into a state of insipidi-  
 “ ty; not absolutely a melancholy state,  
 “ but void of pleasure, of desire, of energy.  
 “ If I engaged in any pursuit, it was some-  
 “ thing of the most trifling nature, and  
 “ pursued either with listlessness or with a  
 “ fantastic levity. Every thing that pre-  
 “ tended to importance, was disgusting.

“ Worn out by this tedium, this state  
 “ of mental inanition, which indeed pro-  
 “ duced a similar effect upon my bodily  
 “ frame, I turned my mind once more to  
 “ my flighted Constantia. But how ac-  
 “ cost her, now? This was a question I  
 “ could not answer: and I relapsed. Time  
 “ went

" went on; and silently stimulated me to  
 " return to what I had once hoped was  
 " my destined happiness. At length, per-  
 " suading myself that, in returning to her,  
 " I might be consulting *her* happiness, I  
 " barely recovered sufficient strength to  
 " face a foe so formidable, in the counte-  
 " nance of so beloved a friend. A friend  
 " indeed I still found her; but nothing  
 " more. The sweetness and the decisive-  
 " ness, with which she informed me that  
 " my hopes were at an end, produced  
 " such a mixed effect upon me as I must  
 " not attempt to describe. The tender-  
 " ness of love was not to be discovered in  
 " one accent of her voice, or one glance  
 " of her eye. She treated me with the  
 " indulgence due to a man fallen into mis-  
 " fortune without his own fault. And  
 " this was an indulgence so much beyond  
 " what I felt any claim to, especially from  
 " her, that I acquiesced in humility; while  
 " abhorrence of myself, and (so perverse  
 " is

"is man) a redoubled love for her, were  
"contending within me.

"I was not, you will suppose, admitted  
"to the progress of her feelings respecting  
"me from our first acquaintance. But  
"she told me she was upon the eve of a  
"marriage with a man who had solicited  
"her hand for some years, and had been  
"rather strenuously supported by her  
"friends. And she added that her con-  
"sent had been given no long time ago.  
"In saying *this*, indeed, I could imagine  
"she was upon the verge of tenderness.  
"I know not. But, if it was so, she re-  
"covered instantaneously, and without  
"apparent effort, that steady and sweet  
"friendliness of manner, which did more  
"towards banishing the idea of my being  
"a lover, than any thing of harshness or  
"a greater reserve could have done.

"And, now, Campley, if I might put  
"an end to my narrative here, you would,  
"in



“ in me, see merely a man punished in the  
 “ natural course of things for his faults ;  
 “ and I might hope for some small share  
 “ of your pity.” “ Who could refuse it ?”  
 said Campley. “ I fear,” proceeded Lay-  
 ton, “ you must refuse it, when you hear  
 “ the events that followed. Constantia,  
 “ *my* Constantia (may I call her so ?) con-  
 “ signed herself at the altar to the man I  
 “ have mentioned. That man made vows  
 “ and broke them. He there told her he  
 “ would love, comfort, and honour her.  
 “ But at home he seems to have forgot  
 “ every thing but what *she* had vowed to  
 “ *him*. This presently began to wear her  
 “ delicate spirit. He behaved in such a  
 “ manner, as to pass with the world for  
 “ a good husband. He had a timorous  
 “ reserve, a cowardliness, which made him  
 “ proportion the harshness of his treat-  
 “ ment to the weakness and patience of  
 “ any object on which he exercised it, and  
 “ to the privacy in which any instance of  
 “ harsh treatment might pass. To these  
 “ causes

" causes it was owing that, for some time,  
 " not even her most intimate friends knew  
 " much of what she suffered. In their  
 " presence he treated her well: whether  
 " wholly from cowardice, or partly from  
 " some unextinguished sparks of love, and  
 " a desire that his wife should make a  
 " good appearance. This reduced her to  
 " the necessity of either being silent or  
 " giving a contradiction to his apparent  
 " behaviour. But truth made its way, by  
 " small degrees and casual openings.

" When they had been two years mar-  
 " ried, an illness seized her. Oh, if that ill-  
 " ness can have been produced by his treat-  
 " ment of her, what have I to answer for!"  
 " Judge not yourself too severely," said  
 " Campley. " I thank you, Mr. Campley,  
 " I thank you;" he answered; " but I  
 " am a self-condemned victim, and you  
 " cannot put me in humour with myself.  
 " Much of what she suffered, I fear, in  
 " that illness, has been concealed from me.

" But

" But I have discovered, that she went  
 " through much more of suffering, than  
 " my fond fancy had connected with that  
 " sweet form. And, when I reflect that,  
 " great as it was, the release it procured  
 " her from such a husband makes it pos-  
 " sible to have been even acceptable to  
 " her, what an alternative to conceive!  
 " What a reflexion for him who imagines  
 " it to have been in his power to prevent  
 " so unhappy an union, to preclude pos-  
 " sibly the occasion of her disorder, to be-  
 " hold her at this moment not only in  
 " life and health, but producing her own  
 " happiness by constituting his ! "

" Do not," said Campley, " create  
 " grief, in order to devour it thus greedily.  
 " Do not study to produce melancholy out  
 " of possibilities. From my heart I pity  
 " you. Whether you have been in fault  
 " to the degree you express, I may be a  
 " better judge if ever I should hear an  
 " account of the matter from others."

" None,"



"None," answered Layton, "knows it so well as myself: and you may trust a man for not making himself worse than he is." Campley assented to this, as commonly true but not universally. Might he not safely have assented to the assertion as universally true?

After the account of this catastrophe, it was not easy to get back to conversation upon the prosperous state of Campley's love. Otherwise he could have wished to speak of his views, and perhaps obtain some advice from Layton. But Layton had now forgot Lucy and every living fair one: and Campley's delicacy would not suffer him to return abruptly to his own affair. He found himself completely freed from the apprehension of a rival: and his feelings had no check from that quarter, to prevent his sympathizing with Layton; which he did strongly. But he was not, like Layton himself, lost to all but one train of ideas. He was the first  
to

to discover that the evening was considerably advanced, and to reflect that Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook might be somewhat surpris'd at Layton's long absence. On his suggesting this, they proceeded directly towards Mr. Ambrook's. And Layton, awaking from profound thought, made a generous effort to enter again into Camp-ley's affairs. But Campley discerned that it was an effort, and spared him as much as possible.

He just observed that he did not now see why he should delay any longer to propose a marriage with Lucy ; having a property adequate to hers, and being perfectly satisfied that the way of life, which they must follow, promised him more happiness with her, than the rank and fortune of his own family could promise without her : that he wished, however, to be indulged in a little conversation on the subject, the first convenient opportunity after Mr. Layton should have recovered

vered the natural state of his mind. "Do  
 "you think," said Layton, "I shall ever  
 "recover that which *you* would call the  
 "natural state of one's mind?" "Why  
 "not?" said Campley. "You may say  
 "now what you have to say;" replied  
 Layton; "as we walk along." But, be-  
 sides the shortness of the time, Campley  
 was well aware that, if Layton could be  
 of any service to him, it would more pro-  
 bably be at another season than imme-  
 diately after giving his own narrative; and  
 therefore deferred the subject.



## CHAP. XVII.

THE next day was ushered in by misfortune. Eynsbury, employed in his barn, made a false step amongst some hay, and, by a fall, received a severe wound upon his head. Edward was with him, and sprang to his relief. He found him stunned with the blow, lying senseless upon the floor; and perceived, by the blood that issued, that there was an external wound. He took him in his arms, and conveyed him into the house. The circumstances precluded all opportunity of opening the calamitous event to Mary and Lucy with a cautious tenderness: but the circumstances likewise provided a remedy for that want. For they put those two under the immediate necessity of taking

ing an active part in relieving or accommodating the sufferer:—usually a more effectual support under the immediate pressure of such a calamity, than the tender and cautious friend can provide by the most guarded expressions of look or language.

Paul flew to the house where the best surgical help in the village was to be had. The news of the misfortune spread quickly through the neighbourhood. And in a short time Mr. Ambrook was at Eynsbury's, to see what was most proper to be done. With leave of Mary he dispatched a servant for Mr. Betson, a surgeon of eminence, who lived at Steeple Ashton, a few miles distant. In the mean time the surgeon of the village made use of certain applications, to stop the blood which flowed from the wound.

When every thing was brought into such a situation, that there was no immediate

diate call upon Lucy for action, she approached the bed on which her father was laid; to contemplate the countenance which she had already been able to behold repeatedly, without losing the active powers for the exertion of which she was pressingly called upon. But the moment she approached as an inactive spectator, her limbs began to fail. Her trembling drew instantly the eyes of Edward; who saw a deadly paleness spread over her face. He laid hold of her arm, and would have led her gently out of the house: but she persisted in gazing upon the distressing object, till he perceived a dullness come upon her eyes, and her eye-lids falling, while her knees began to give way under the weight of her body. She sunk; but not upon the floor. There were eyes too watchful, and arms too ready, to suffer that. He who but a little before had born her father, with benevolence, with alacrity, with anxiety, sustained now a burden which made yet stronger impressions of the same kind,

mingled



mingled with others more tender. Edward carried her into the open air; and seated her on a bench at the door, placing himself so as to support her in a posture which he fancied might be easy to her, incapable as she was of distinguishing one posture from another.

Mary had been previously got out of the way, by the humanity of the surgeon, after she ceased to be of immediate use. He, not fully aware of the singular attachment of Lucy to her father, or not immediately recollecting it, had been less solicitous about her. Her mother, too, had complied with the strong desire she had seen expressed in her looks to continue with her father; and, leaving her, had gone, at the surgeon's request, into a neighbouring cottage. The surgeon, when Lucy was carried out, thought it right to abide with the principal patient: and Paul, seeing his sister so well taken care of, determined also to remain with his father; not know-

ing how great and how sudden might be the occasion for further help. These circumstances left Lucy in the sole possession of Edward.

Let those contemplate his situation, who know the force of beauty, of beauty aided by individual love and beheld without interruption, of a beautiful and beloved object in that helpless state in which one that was odious and disgusting might raise compassion. Let those contemplate him, who know the warm and flattering satisfaction of being intrusted with the intire care of what bears an exalted value, the rapturous expectation of receiving a look of gratitude able to discharge a much larger debt than is incurred, and to excite such exertions as a miser's bags would in vain solicit.

Should a miser chance to read this, he may have no idea to it; nor certain other readers. Perhaps it may prove acceptable  
to

to some who have experienced any of the feelings mentioned; although existing in inferior degrees, and excited by objects less intimately interesting, by objects perhaps of the affection founded in consanguinity or friendship.

While she continued in this state, however, anxiety subtracted greatly from what was enviable in his feelings. The few moments in which she exhibited the first marks of recovery, his joy seemed advancing rapidly to a state of unmixed perfection. But, as she proceeded to recover her powers, and thereby to escape from his assistance and support, the perfection eluded his grasp, and taught him the nature of human joys. In obtaining the very end he had been aiming at, which was her recovery, he lost the interesting situation which had seemed to want nothing but that recovery, to complete the felicity of it.



With a gentle blush, Lucy smiled a serious and innocent smile; and asked what was the matter. But, before Edward could determine what answer to make her, she recollected her father's misfortune: and, asking earnestly "How come I to be here?", she made an effort, as if to rise and go to her father's assistance. But her feeble limbs obeyed not her will. "You cannot assist your father, at present," said Edward; "you cannot rise from your seat. But he is well attended. Be content." He then explained to her what had happened to herself: adding, "And I was fortunate enough to be next to you at the instant. I would not have had even your brother to have got my place from me." Lucy would have laughed that off: but she could not keep clear of a blush. And, if that prevented her from giving in form her thanks for his assistance, it repaid him in another way. He construed it not into the mere blush of confusion which might have followed her

her receiving the assistance from any young man indifferent to her. A blush from that mere cause, and where the necessity of the case had justified the assistance given, would have been temperate, in a person of her simplicity and good discernment. But the interest which now she felt in the individual who gave the assistance, produced a stronger effect. He saw through all this. At least, he made his conjecture: and his conjecture was right.

You who have been successful in love; and you who have been unsuccessful,—I speak to men of virtue, who know what real love is,—can judge of his feelings. The successful can sympathise with him: and the unsuccessful can see enough, to envy him. Certainly he went upon grounds not perfectly sure. But he *felt* success. Had he erred, there would have been no difference to his *present* feelings. “Lucy,” said he, “you must not permit  
“your attention to your father to be the

"destruction of yourself." "How do  
 "you mean?" said she. "We cannot  
 "suffer that," he answered, "even sup-  
 "posing your father's case to be worse  
 "than I really hope it is." "I must,"  
 "said she, "go to my father." "Cer-  
 "tainly you must," he replied: "this is  
 "not a time to detain you. But, if the  
 "interest that others take in you cannot  
 "keep your exertions within bounds, re-  
 "member, at least, that, by exerting your-  
 "self too violently, you will become un-  
 "serviceable to that very father whom so  
 "deservedly you love. I never before  
 "saw a young woman whose father was  
 "in the place of a lover: but I confess  
 "that, in this house, it is enough to de-  
 "ter all pretenders. But, let us go and  
 "see whether we are wanted for his ser-  
 "vice. I will call him father, too, and  
 "serve him now as a son." She colour-  
 "ed: and he, afraid he had gone too far,  
 in the present circumstances, softened what  
 he last said by adding, "Indeed, he has  
 "shewn



"shewn the kindness of a father to me."  
 She coloured indeed; but she suffered Edward to lead her by the hand into the house.

Fortunately for her, there was want of some lint, and some other preparations of that quiet sort which served to keep her in action without fatigue. Afterwards, at the earnest intreaty of the surgeon and Paul and Edward, she retired to the cottage where her mother was: having first obtained a strict promise of being called upon whenever she could be of service. On this condition she departed, even without seeing her father; who had begun to move, to look, and to speak: but his speech was incoherent, and he did not know those who came about him.

Mr. Betson, the surgeon, arrived from Ashton in as short a time as could be expected. On inquiring what treatment the patient had already received, and find-

ing that, in the main, it agreed with his own ideas, he did not think it necessary to annul or counteract every thing that had been done, by way of shewing that he really was what he was understood to be, a person of superior skill. And the surgeon of the village, with equal modesty, had delayed giving a regular dressing to the external wound before Mr. Betson arrived: who proceeded now to this operation. And they agreed that, if the internal injury was not more material, a recovery might be pretty safely prognosticated, and with hopes of its not being a tardy one; although, in a younger patient, it might have been more speedy. But, as to the quantity or nature of the internal injury, they very wisely abstained from pronouncing any thing decisive at present, and therefore could give no well-founded prognostic of the event. Mr. Betson gave his directions about the diet of the patient, and a prescription for medicines: and the surgeons agreed particularly in recommending

mending to the family that they should preserve the patient in as tranquil a state as possible, and pay peculiar attention to every thing which indicated the state of his intellects.

Mr. Betson, being informed of the manner in which Lucy had been affected, said very humanely, that, in her father's present situation, it might not be necessary for her to take upon her any great share of the task of tending him: because, as he did not distinguish persons, another person might administer to his wants equally well. "But," he added, "when I say *might*, I do not mean much more than that it is *possible* for a stranger to serve a patient as well as a near friend can, in such a case as the present, where the patient cannot derive satisfaction from the idea of being served by a near friend. For, even in cases like the present, I have never known any service like the service of affection. And, if to this we



“ can add a dependence on fidelity in executing the directions we give, we reckon one half of our business done, with the help of such a nurse.”

He was informed that Eynsbury was so highly beloved and esteemed by his neighbours, that there would be no difficulty in procuring attendants who would serve him with affection. “ I have heard something of this before,” said he; “ but I have also been informed that this daughter of his is a most remarkable young woman.” Edward and Paul gave a glance at each other, of surprise and delight, and set themselves to listen with eagerness. “ I am speaking,” continued he, “ probably before those who can give me still better information: but I have been told by those who have seen her with her father, that, the appearance of age excepted, you might take them rather for two lovers than for father and daughter.” Edward shrunk; but not perceptibly, except

cept perhaps to Paul. "And, moreover," continued Betson, "the accounts I have received of her intelligence and steady conduct, added to her singular affection, incline me to think her value, as a nurse to her father, to be above estimation." "So it will be found," came rapidly out of the mouth of Edward. The surgeon looked at him. "He is right, Sir," said Paul; "she is my sister. I do not boast of her every day; but there is cause to speak at present." "So there is," answered Betson; "and you do very right." And, having given all his directions for the patient, he departed along with the other surgeon.

## CHAP. XVIII.

EDWARD and Paul remained with Eynsbury. "Lucy," said he. "I will fetch her," answered Paul; and was going. But Edward detained him. They looked at Eynsbury's eyes, and found them vacant and undirected. He said no more; but became more tranquil, and gradually sunk into a kind of slumber. This seemed a proper opportunity for recalling Mary and Lucy. They came, and prepared such nourishment for Eynsbury as had been directed. After some hours he was able to distinguish persons. He called Mary; and asked her how he came to be in his present situation. To have deceived him with some idle story, would have been totally unnatural in her as the

6

speaker,



speaker, and totally unnecessary for him as the hearer. Had she submitted to make use of a falsehood, she would not only have had the difficulty of preserving a consistency with herself, but also that of uniting all the attendants in the same consistency. In those cases, the probable consequence is, that, by a mistake or inattention, the patient is made to suffer at least under the suspicion that some deceit is practised: from which, and from the imagination of something worse than the real truth, he may soon be rendered both more unhappy, and less able to profit by the means used for his recovery.

On the other hand, the mutual confidence which subsists between the members of a family so virtuous and affectionate, was of the highest use in the present case. Mary only said, " You have had  
 " a fall, and hurt your head. The surgeon tells us, that tranquillity may be  
 " one of the most powerful means of  
 " your

“your recovery. You shall know particulars whenever it is judged proper.” “I ask no more,” said he: and, taking hold of her hand, and keeping it grasped in his own, he resigned himself to another slumber. The confidence he placed in his wife, was, if not a more powerful, certainly a more agreeable, composing draught, than any that the apothecary could have sent him. Mary dropped a tear of affection; and enjoyed one of those delicious moments which sometimes happily diminish the pain of attending upon a sick friend.

Presently she experienced a cruel reverse. Towards evening he became very feverish, and was even delirious. When a consultation was held, who should attend him through the night, Lucy immediately requested to have the office: and, not finding her request readily complied with, urged the experience she had gained when her mother permitted her to be of use in

William Lake's illness. But the rest, Edward in particular, recollecting her having already fainted, were greatly apprehensive lest something of the same nature should return. And, as the delirium of Eynsbury might possibly require his attendant to have the strength of a man, it was decided that Edward or Paul should be the person: and Edward succeeded in obtaining the appointment. Being some years older than Paul, he might better encounter any unforeseen difficulties: and, as to the eagerness of rendering service to Eynsbury, they were upon a level, though not actuated throughout by the same motives.

In the evening, when Paul and Edward were standing by Eynsbury's bed, he talked a good deal in his delirium. A journey was one subject he got hold of: which sometimes seemed to mean the journey of death; and at other times some common journey, but perplexed, after the manner



manner of feverish imaginations, with a tumultuous confusion of obstacles and embarrassments. "No, Lucy, no," said he, "I do not wish you to go this journey with me. You are young; and may stay a long time before you are called upon.—How? No. I never said that you should go with me. Every one in his turn. Stay till you are called for.—But, what is all this that stands in my way? Bushes, briars, ditches, bogs, and—No, indeed, Lucy, you must not hang upon my arm and pull me back. I never knew you other than a good girl.—Do you not hear what I say?—This grievous pain in my head! Who touches my head? Paul, my boy, you don't know how sore my head is." Paul answered literally, that his head was not at that time touched by any one. But his father heard not the answer.

After a while, he pulled about the bed-clothes

clothes with some violence. " Only let  
 " me have ease," he cried; " only let  
 " me have ease! But—but—but;" and  
 he murmured something not distinguish-  
 able, and laid down peaceably. Presently  
 after, " Mary," says he, " farewell!  
 " Take great care of her.--But she will  
 " take care of herself. Who can hurt  
 " her? That's not in nature; that's not  
 " in nature.—Now, if she was a queen—  
 " She is a royal bird. See, how she  
 " wings it through the air!—That I should  
 " live to see this!—But, I must be gone.  
 " Farewell!—He is a good young man.  
 " He is a very good young man: and I  
 " think he loves her." Edward and Paul  
 had several times cast their eyes on each  
 other, while Eynsbury had uttered the  
 above. But when he came to the last  
 part, Edward could not bring his eyes to  
 meet Paul's. He looked down, and at  
 Eynsbury; his feelings rushed into his  
 face, and his lips retained no settled po-  
 sition.

" But,"

“ But,” said Eynsbury, “ take care  
 “ there be no incantation in it. There,  
 “ now, he pulls off that old coat.—See,  
 “ again, see what gaudy robes he puts  
 “ on!” Edward turned pale: and Paul  
 was in perplexity. “ And,” said Eyns-  
 bury, “ do you call him a husband for  
 “ Lucy?” This brought the blood back,  
 in abundance, into Edward’s face. “ Hush,  
 “ hush,” cried Eynsbury; “ hush, Mary!  
 “ Let not a word you said be heard!”  
 He turned about, and said, “ When I have  
 “ finished my sleep, then—” He paused.  
 —“ But, who put this high gate here?  
 “ Never was such a journey;—never, ne-  
 “ ver, never.” He seemed exhausted,  
 and was relieved by a slumber.

Edward, with a timid gravity, said to  
 Paul in a whisper, “ Perhaps, we had  
 “ better not mention, for the present, any  
 “ thing of what we have just heard.” This  
 drew from Paul a feeble smile. “ As  
 “ you please,” he said; and asked whe-  
 ther



ther he was provided with every thing  
 necessary for the night's attendance. Hav-  
 ing jointly examined into those particulars,  
 they parted for the night. Edward sat  
 down, to contemplate the altered coun-  
 tenance of a friend interesting on so many  
 accounts; for his present situation, for his  
 former misfortunes born with singular  
 heroism, for his general character, for his  
 kindness to Edward in particular, and  
 lastly for his being the father of Lucy.  
 That countenance had been used to speak  
 sagacity, firmness, modesty, friendship;  
 and to inspire esteem, respect, and love.  
 It now spoke nothing. It inspired even  
 an incipient disgust; but which was soon  
 removed, in such a beholder as Edward,  
 by commiseration and a concourse of ten-  
 der affections. The head before him was  
 a bad, unanimated, bust of that fine head  
 which he had often contemplated with a  
 species of reverence, boasting in silence  
 of the interest he had obtained in a person  
 distinguished by such manly and sublime  
 virtue,

virtue, and hoping for a stricter union.  
 " Could I," said he now to himself, " ana-  
 " tomize with my eye that injured brain !  
 " Could I pierce to the cause of all that  
 " is wrong, and discover the remedy to be  
 " within human power!--How frail the ma-  
 " chine, that appears at the same time so pre-  
 " cious ! Although its construction seems  
 " laboured beyond our conception, and  
 " curious beyond all our admiration, yet  
 " the framer of it shews us how easy and  
 " familiar to him the creation of millions  
 " of such, in leaving it exposed to destruc-  
 " tion by such trivial accidents."

His speculations were interrupted by  
 Eynsbury ; whose delirium caused him to  
 utter a profusion of words,—some intelli-  
 gible, others not so. He frequently nam-  
 ed Lucy : and frequently, when he did  
 not, his words evidently shewed that she  
 was in his thoughts. What could more  
 strongly rivet the attention of Edward ?  
 And, in this incoherent (or, sometimes,  
 almost

almost rational) talk about Lucy, the ideas most prevalent were such as related in some way to the possibility of her marrying Edward. It was evident that his thoughts, before the accident, must have been engaged on the subject. It was evident that he had perceived marks of their mutual attachment. And his present perplexity, although perhaps imputable to the pain and delirium, yet could not fail to suggest to Edward, that Eynsbury, in his health, possibly had suffered some perplexity between his approbation of Edward as a suitable husband for Lucy, and the uncertainty of his condition and connexions. Nay this particular doubt appeared through his delirious imaginations, — whether he might not be injuring some worthy family, of rank and property, by encouraging a young member of it in a clandestine affair of love.

Had Eynsbury been the rich father of  
a young



a young man whose affections were gone after a woman of low rank and fortune, he would have been candid in the highest degree, in giving to merit and even to love their weight as opposed to property and rank. No man would more philosophically condemn, in practice, the tinsel of externals, contrasted with the felicity of the heart. But, situated as the father of the young woman, he was jealous of his honour; lest he should do any thing which to others might *appear* to be wrong: as he was truly jealous of his virtue; lest, under cover of a philosophical spirit, he should do any thing which *was* wrong. As it was but lately that he had taken to meditate upon these difficulties and suspicions, it is no wonder that his busy delirious brain should seize upon the subjects with avidity. The delay of a few days, in the accident, might have occasioned him to communicate to Mary what was passing in his mind. But, as the case had happened, his thoughts

thoughts were equally communicated to all who might be present, if all were equally prepared to construct or complete his broken and imperfect expressions.

## CHAP. XIX.

EDWARD, next morning, gave an account to the family, how Eynsbury had passed the night. Mary, learning that he had talked a good deal in his delirium, asked what he had chiefly talked about; not suspecting any danger of bringing Edward into a difficulty. He was not prepared for the question. He might have got through his answer better, had not Paul been present. But, being once intangled in a slight hesitation, the presence of Paul threw him into great confusion; intirely unaccountable to Mary and Lucy. "I did not," he said, "always hear what he spoke, or did not understand it;—frequently otherwise: and if, in his delirium, he dropped any things



“ things which, in his rational moments,  
 “ he would not have intrusted to me, I  
 “ will hope for your approbation in not  
 “ speaking of them.” Mary answered,  
 that he must be left to his own discretion.  
 Paul suspected the truth. Mary and Lucy  
 said nothing further: but their thoughts  
 became busily engaged.

Mary was distressed, lest it should be  
 necessary to dismiss Edward from his at-  
 tendance upon her husband. For,  
 having more strength than herself, more  
 age and experience than Paul, superior to  
 Lucy in all these qualities, and perhaps  
 equal to her in zeal on this afflicting oc-  
 casion, he was, upon the whole, precisely  
 the fittest person on whom to place a de-  
 pendence for the help required. Yet, if  
 he should accidentally learn such things  
 as her husband would have thought it  
 wrong or imprudent to communicate to  
 him, this was an important objection to  
 employing him. She went to her hus-

band; and found him awake and composed. He spoke rationally, complained of a pain in his head, but not in violent terms; he looked and spoke as feeble and fatigued; but, in the main, the appearances were favourable. He asked what time of night it was. She told him it was morning. "Has the surgeon been here lately?" said he. "Mr. Betson," she answered, "has been only once; and that was yesterday." "You told me," said he, "when he had been here first.—Yesterday? I thought it had been a week ago. My poor head! My days are weeks, then." "I hope," she answered, "they will become shorter as you grow better. But let us not indulge in talking at present. Resign yourself to sleep, or tranquillity." He answered her by gently pressing her hand which he had hold of; and bid adieu to thought.

She sat by him for some time; and he seemed to be falling asleep, but gave every now

now and then a start, which she felt the more strongly by keeping hold of his hand. Sleep, however, seemed nearly to have got possession of him; when he began to utter some confused sounds, not as if delirious, but merely as in disturbed sleep or slumber. After a while he said, "Yes, yes; *Edward and Lucy*; it sounds very well: but the *sense*, you know; we must always mind the sense." This awoke him. Casting his eyes upwards, he said, "Is it you, Mary? I think I was asleep, and something awoke me. Pray, did I speak in my sleep?" "Yes," answered she, "you spoke a little." "Amongst friends," he said; and then asked who was in the room. "Only myself," she answered. "But, perhaps," he added, "I had better not inquire now what I spoke. You can tell me, if ever you think it proper." "Let it drop, then," she replied, "for the present." His ready acquiescence in things of this sort, founded upon a strong habit of confidence



in Mary, was highly useful to him in his present situation.

When evening approached, Lucy was alone attending upon her father. He was in a slumber: and she, having no call for action in his service, sat by his bed-side, with her eyes fixed upon his face, while tears kept dropping in silence from her cheeks. But he became more disturbed. After a variety of motions indicating a growing restlessness, he called, rather gently at first, "Lucy!" She answered him; but he took no notice of her, though his eyes were open. It shocked her. "Lucy!" he said, louder. "Father, I am here," she answered: "do you want Lucy?" "It is a strange thing," he said. "What is come of the girl?" She put her face nearer to his; taking hold, at the same time, of a hand which laid out of the bed. "Tell me, father," said she, "what you want. Tell Lucy what you want." "Never," said he, "was any thing like this."

“ this.” She sunk upon the bed : but the expectation of being wanted to assist him raised her again. “ Why all this bustle and confusion ?” he said : “ if I am to take a journey, must all the village be up in arms ?—Forty thousand men upon the plain, and not a commander !—Now, if I were a general officer !—But, how fares it with Lucy ?—There,—how came she in that pit ?—Not a man stirs to save her. I must do it. But who holds me ?”

He began to struggle with such vehemence, that Lucy made an alarm by calling out and knocking. It gave him no disturbance. Edward rushed in. “ Edward is not a man,” said Eynsbury, “ if he does not save her. Save her, and she is yours, Edward.” Edward perceived clearly enough that it was only in delirium and not in reality that Eynsbury beheld him, and that it was in vain to answer him. He was so tumultuous, that

both Edward and Lucy were too much engaged to be so disconcerted by his words as they would else have been. "She sinks," he said; "and these wretches hold me fast.—And there is Edward! Looking on, and letting her go to the bottom!—Did he not say he would marry her?—Ah! She mounts to the skies, and beckons me. My angel, I am in the mire. What a world is this become! Loose me, loose me!" He sunk back, exhausted: but fatigue did not then procure him any refreshing rest. However, he passed the night with much less disturbance, and got more sleep, than the preceding night; agreeably to the hopes of the surgeons, who had spoken favourably of him in the day.

Every day the returns of his delirium abated. The pain in his head diminished very considerably. And, in a few days, that relief to the anxieties of the whole family was



was experienced, which gives a pleasure apparently positive; while no cause of it can be traced, except the mere diminution of misery. This relief gave scope to those feelings in Edward and Lucy which naturally arose from having heard, and heard jointly, what her father had said.

Edward, since the mutual communication with Layton, recited above, could not but consider him as an intimate friend. He applied to him as such, on the present occasion; and received his concurrence with his own opinion, that it was advisable to address Lucy immediately on the subject of marriage, and to declare openly his own situation. That situation being a peculiar one, it appeared desirable to gain the sanction of Eynsbury, if that might be. Because, if his disorder should take an unfavourable turn and carry him off, there would be an appearance as if Edward had had a fear of Eynsbury in this business; and some might conclude, that

a consciousness of doing what was mean or wrong had been the cause of that fear. Should this idea prevail in Mary and Lucy, there might be apprehension of danger to the final success of Edward's wishes, although he should acquiesce in any delay on account of the father's death, or the daughter's youth. And, though the firmness of Eynsbury's character inspired a degree of awe into Edward, yet he, and his friend Layton, knew him also possessed of that candid and enlarged way of thinking, which would prevent his opposing unless he saw good ground for so doing. These reasons, together with the nature of love, which, in itself, is oft as strong as a host of reasons, decided in favour of an immediate application: and got rid of the intrusive question, whether Lucy's youth might not give a propriety to a delay of some length.

Yet Edward was pressed, on the other side, by his own strong sense of any impropriety

propriety or indelicacy ; and by a dread of any rashness in his application, which, taking Lucy's mind in an unfavourable state, or shocking her with any apparent want of respect to her father in his present situation, might retard his wishes rather than forward them.

But Eynsbury continued to recover ; and was permitted to join in conversation, and attend slightly to some concerns of business. A cheerful spirit was diffused through the family ; the usual tone of their easy and lively, as well as affectionate, conversation was resumed. Edward found, indeed, that Lucy received his attentions with increased restraint : but he readily accounted for it from the things which the father had said in his delirium.

" Lucy," said Edward, " your father  
" is charmingly." " He appears, in-

E 5 " deed,"



“ deed,” said she, “ much better : but—.” She hesitated ; being somewhat struck with Edward’s look, which was the picture of a busy mind. “ Why that *but* ?” he asked : “ have you a less favourable opinion of his state than the rest of us have ?” “ I don’t know,” she replied, “ that I have : but—.” She stopped, and laughed at herself for so soon again falling inadvertently upon the *but*. He laughed with her : but the laugh did not get full possession of his countenance, any more than of his mind. However it gave a moment’s flow to his spirits, and to hers : taking advantage of which, as the laugh subsided, he began to speak.

“ Lucy, your father’s situation, I think, permits me to address you upon a subject which perhaps might have been delayed, had he not shewn by words which have fallen from him that it has  
“ already

" already engaged his thoughts, although  
 " certainly never designedly suggested to  
 " him by me." She looked as foolish  
 as Lucy was capable of looking; as if in  
 doubt whether she could mistake his  
 meaning. He proceeded. " It is in vain,  
 " now, for you or me to pretend igno-  
 " rance of his having suspected a design  
 " in me. I avow the design, and do not  
 " fear that I shall ever be ashamed of it,  
 " however singular the plan which I  
 " adopted. In plain terms, I am yours  
 " for life, if you chuse to accept me." Lucy  
 looked so serious, that Edward  
 wished to relieve her. " Your father's  
 " labourer, indeed," said he, " must be a  
 " pretty fellow, to hold this language to  
 " the young mistress of the house." But  
 he saw that this well-intended levity, in-  
 stead of relieving her, evidently hurt her.  
 " I beg pardon," he said; " I will pro-  
 " ceed seriously."

" If you had heard some other things;

" which have fallen from your father,  
 " (part of which your brother has heard,)  
 " you would find that he seems also to  
 " have had some slight suspicion of my  
 " not being what I have appeared."

Lucy gave a little start, and looked him in  
 the face. But he went on. " This also  
 " I avow: and this also I hope never to  
 " be ashamed of. I have not assumed a  
 " false appearance, to throw it off when it  
 " has answered some sinister purpose.  
 " But I have entered upon a new mode  
 " of life; taking care, in the first place, to  
 " acquire the powers and habits necessary  
 " for it. If you suffer my plan to suc-  
 " ceed, I am a farmer for the rest of my  
 " days, and hope to be happy. If you re-  
 " ject me, I may possibly wear a better  
 " coat and keep different society, I know  
 " not yet indeed *what* I shall do, but I  
 " shall expect to be miserable. If there  
 " be any deception in what I have done, it  
 " is this: that the station of a labourer is  
 " indeed somewhat lower than that which  
 " remains



“ remains within my reach. The property  
 “ which I still may depend upon, will place  
 “ us somewhat higher than the station oc-  
 “ cupied of late by your father, al-  
 “ though lower than that from which you  
 “ fell.”

He then told her the situation of his father : and flattered himself that he perceived, in her reception of it, a fear lest by some means the difference of their ranks should prevent the accomplishment of what he proposed. But this, if expressed at all, was expressed by the most delicate and transient strokes ; which he with difficulty could afterwards faintly delineate in his own recollection, and could by no means have distinctly presented to the view of a third person. “ Then,” said Lucy, “ we saw you before, Sir.” “ You saw me before, *Madam*. But no *Sir*, if you please, “ Lucy. If you take *Edward* from me, you “ take one of my magic charms ; which “ may have been as useful to me as female  
 “ charms

" charms to a woman." " It is a *charm-*  
 " *ing* name," said she; and endeavoured  
 to laugh: but laughing did not suit the  
 present mood. " But, you know,"  
 added she, " it was not Edward, who  
 " visited our cottage with Mr. Ambrook  
 " and his company; but a silent gentle-  
 " man, one Mr. Edward Campley."  
 " Whom you had never seen," said Ed-  
 ward, " and never thought to see again."  
 " That is true enough," replied Lucy.  
 " But, pray," says he, " is it the fashion  
 " of Edington, to forget your friends'  
 " faces?" " To forget the faces of silent  
 " strangers," she answered, " perhaps it  
 " may. But I assure you, that, when  
 " you *Edward* came afterwards, we talked  
 " you over at Mr. Ambrook's, and found  
 " resemblances for you. And, I think,  
 " Mr. Ambrook got so far as to say he  
 " traced some likeness between you and  
 " Mr. Edward Campley. But you are a  
 " good deceiver, it must be owned."

" Men

“ *Men were deceivers ever,*” said he.  
 “ Which will serve to bring me back to  
 “ my story.” He then related to her faithfully his calm and determinate negotiation with his father, which ended in his being deprived of the usual inheritance of an eldest son. Lucy appeared depressed, and full of apprehension. “ And,” said he, “ if I had not liked you,” (she smiled gravely and timidly), “ I might have re-  
 “ turned, and—and—if I could have  
 “ brought myself to it—made some heiress  
 “ without a heart mistress of Beechwood  
 “ hall. I had rather that the mistress of  
 “ my heart were farmer Campley’s wife.”  
 This brought a glow of restrained pleasure into Lucy’s face: which a spectator, if not too much engaged by her, might have beheld reflected from that of Edward: where it glowed unrestrained;—a happy relief from those unpleasant sensations which had successively been depicted there, caused by Lucy’s doubtfulness, timidity,



midity, and even alarm, expressed in the course of his address to her.

“ Consult your heart, Lucy,” added he,  
 “ as I have consulted mine. Consult your  
 “ experience of me. In gaining my  
 “ knowledge of you, I have submitted  
 “ myself (I hope) fully to your observa-  
 “ tion. Consult such of your friends as  
 “ you chuse. That I shall receive from  
 “ you a friendly and ingenuous treatment,  
 “ I am certain; unless Lucy’s character  
 “ be changed. Artifice, or vehement  
 “ persuasion, were an affront to the Lucy  
 “ that lives in my breast: and she, I am  
 “ convinced, is a true copy of the Lucy  
 “ before my eyes.” “ You do not then,”  
 said she, in the true simplicity of her  
 character, and with a sweet smile upon  
 her lips, “ think it necessary for a woman  
 “ to say *No* at a venture, and afterwards  
 “ to consider whether she should change  
 “ her mind or not!” “ Certainly,” re-  
 plied

plied he, " that is a conduct which would  
 " never raise a woman in my esteem.  
 " Since nature or custom (or whatever it  
 " is) has made the man to be usually the  
 " proposer, he has the advantage of form-  
 " ing more determinately his opinion be-  
 " fore he makes the proposal. Were a  
 " man, some time before, to be asked  
 " whether he would marry such a woman  
 " or not, it might easily happen that to an  
 " intimate friend he should freely own he  
 " could neither answer Yes nor No. Why  
 " may it not happen, with equal ease, that  
 " such should be the precise state of a wo-  
 " man's mind, on receiving a proposal of  
 " marriage? In such a case, to tell a  
 " falsehood under pretence of modesty, is  
 " surely neither modesty, good sense, nor  
 " (I think) discretion." " But, is the  
 " world," said she, " of your opinion?"  
 " There are," he answered, " so many  
 " worlds upon this one earth, that we  
 " should first settle what world we mean.  
 " Could

" Could we not employ our time better,  
 " at present?" " Let us look after my  
 " father," she replied. The motion was  
 seconded; and carried unanimously.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XX.

EDWARD had restrained Paul from mentioning some things which, in their presence, had fallen from Eynsbury in his delirium. He thought it right now to release him from the restraint. But, as no particular haste seemed requisite, this got deferred till after Lucy had frankly communicated to Paul, as well as to her mother, the substance of her conversation with Edward. Paul was apt to be rather decisive sometimes. "I think, Lucy," said he, "you will never get a better husband. I advise you to take him at once. I should have liked, indeed, that we had nothing to do with a family so much above us.—But, I suppose, we *shall* have nothing to do with them; not even

" even you, Lucy. So, there is an end  
 " to that objection. And I have said all  
 " I have to say on the subject." " Very  
 " short," said the mother, " very deci-  
 " sive, and perhaps very agreeable ad-  
 " vice to your sister. But, though you  
 " talk in this manner, I do not think you  
 " forget that your father is to be con-  
 " sulted." He assured her he did not: but  
 he had thought no harm in giving his own  
 opinion freely.

They agreed to ask the surgeons, whe-  
 ther Eynsbury was in such a state that he  
 might be consulted upon business of im-  
 portance. " He is, I believe," said Mr.  
 Betson, " capable of serious attention for  
 " a short time, without danger of injury.  
 " But, if the matter requires continued  
 " thought, or nicety of deliberation, I  
 " should recommend a delay, if not ex-  
 " tremely inconvenient: though I will  
 " not absolutely pronounce that such exer-  
 " tion would cause a lasting injury." " I  
 am

“ sure, mother,” said Lucy, “ this must  
 “ not be brought before my father at such  
 “ hazard.” Making use of such general  
 expressions, she felt secure from being no-  
 ticed : not aware that, whatever might be  
 the business, Mr. Betson must be struck  
 by the remark coming instantaneously, and  
 with eagerness, from so young a woman.  
 He turned his head sharply towards her ;  
 pleased as well as surprised. But she,  
 feeling the prominent situation into which  
 she had brought herself, suffered a con-  
 fusion as if the nature of the business was  
 possibly discovered.

He perceived her to shrink, and said ;  
 “ Your concern for your father is very  
 “ commendable : but, I dare say, Mrs.  
 “ Eynsbury will duly weigh the necessity,  
 “ and not run any risk without good  
 “ ground.” Lucy was glad to be so let  
 off. “ We will leave it, then, to my mo-  
 “ ther,” she said : “ I spoke hastily, I  
 “ confess.” This immediately sounded  
 too



too much like altering her opinion, and wishing to bring the affair immediately before her father: and, lest her mother and brother should see it in that light, she attempted to correct it. But she only got into greater confusion. "I am sure," said Betson, wishing to encourage a young woman of whom he had heard so high praises, from the best authority, "your father is much indebted to you as well as to—." Lucy did a thing very rare with her: she interrupted the speaker. "Indebted, Sir? You jest. I never before heard of my father's being indebted to me." At the same time, the fear of being rude softened her manner and her look. It was a delight to Mr. Betson. "I suspected no offence," said he, "in the sincere compliment I paid. However, let me say that the singular attention which the family have given to the patient in the present case, has probably been of the highest service to him. And you must not be surprised if the

7

"surgeons

“surgeons carry off much of the credit  
 “strictly due to yourselves.” “Sir, you  
 “are very candid,” said Mary. Mr. Bet-  
 son departed.

Eynsbury continued to recover. And  
 many luxurious moments were passed be-  
 tween him and his near friends, who had  
 attended him with unremitting diligence  
 and thought. The world appeared as it  
 were made anew, to the eyes of this af-  
 fectionate family. Every day some little  
 advance in the strength, or other amend-  
 ment, of Eynsbury, was discernible to  
 eyes so watchful: and, to observe these  
 daily advances, to dwell upon them in  
 thought and conversation, was a perpetual  
 feast to minds both capable of such en-  
 joyment by habit, and peculiarly prepared  
 for it by the circumstances through which  
 they had lately passed. An intire week  
 was a scene, nearly uninterrupted, of that  
 which seems to constitute one principal fe-  
 licity of mortals: a continued improve-  
 ment,

ment, or advance from worse to better. The point where we begin is often of small consequence. But it is of the utmost consequence whether we go backwards or forwards, from that point. A patient who had passed a week the exact reverse of Eynsbury's, beginning where *he* ended and ending where he began, might have suffered precisely the same *quantity* (if we may so speak) of pain, languor, and the like; and might be pronounced, on the average of the week, in the same degree of health or disease: but certainly must be considered as in a much worse and more unhappy situation, if we include the perpetual feelings of hope and improvement in the one, and of discouragement and falling off in the other.

When Lucy was, one day, sitting alone with her father, they indulged most delightfully in recurring to scenes past in her childhood and youth; especially since the burning of their house, which by the world

was



was called their ruin, but which (these two agreed) had, by confining Eynsbury more to his own fire-side, laid the foundation of much domestic felicity. Both were exhilarated in recounting their innocent pastimes; in which they had gradually improved their mutual affection, and confirmed in their minds the habits which armed them against the frowns of adverse fortune.

After this, Eynsbury spoke of many sensations and thoughts passing within him during his illness. He had, from his temperance, labour, and well-regulated mind, or from whatever other causes, lived hitherto in a state of health superior to that of most men. Insomuch that the common sensations of feverishness were not familiar to him. He particularly noticed the very great apparent length of time, passed in the state in which he had been. "You told me sometimes," said he, "that such or such

VOL. II. F "a thing

“ a thing happened the day before : when  
 “ I was disposed to think that you had  
 “ forgot a week in your calculation. But  
 “ I knew that nobody would deceive me :  
 “ I mean, neither Mary, Paul, nor Lu-  
 “ cy. Nor was I inclined to leave Ed-  
 “ ward out of the number.—I believe,  
 “ Lucy, I must have talked a great deal  
 “ of rambling nonsense in my illness.”  
 “ You did talk a good deal of *something*,”  
 she said. He went on. “ Sometimes I  
 “ seemed to wake myself by speaking.  
 “ Just now I recollect very well doing  
 “ it one time, when your mother was  
 “ seated by me. And I think something  
 “ passed between us, about it. I have a  
 “ sort of general impression, that she  
 “ thought better not to tell me, or not at  
 “ that time, what I had been saying. I  
 “ wonder whether I am, at any time, to  
 “ be informed.” Lucy betrayed a little  
 confusion. “ If it be better,” he added  
 in a cheerful tone of voice, “ that I should  
 “ never know, I believe it will neither  
 “ hinder

“hinder my sleep nor disturb my appetite.” “I don’t know,” said Lucy, hesitating, “I don’t know that my mother thinks it better.”

“I feel charmingly just now,” said he; “and, while I sit still, could almost imagine I had not had an illness. But I will not tempt you to run any risk of impropriety in telling me. Go, Lucy, consult your mother; let me resign myself, for half an hour, to sleep or forgetfulness, to prevent fatigue: then return, and do you or your mother tell me any particulars or not, as is judged best.” She went to her mother, and learnt that she had consulted Mr. Betson afresh, at his last visit, on the propriety of talking to her husband upon business, and that Mr. Betson was of opinion it might now be very safely done. “After the half-hour is expired,” said Mary, “you shall go, Lucy, to your father: and, if he finds himself fresh and com-

F 2

“fortable,



“ fortable, you shall give him some ge-  
 “ neral account of what he has said about  
 “ Edward in his delirium, and then men-  
 “ tion the chief subjects of Edward’s con-  
 “ versation with you. Your father will  
 “ be able to judge from his feelings, whe-  
 “ ther you should go through the whole  
 “ minutely, or leave some particulars for  
 “ another conversation.” Mary was con-  
 vinced, that her husband would have a  
 peculiar interest in receiving these things  
 from Lucy’s own mouth; and that the  
 uncommon footing of friendship on which  
 the father and daughter habitually con-  
 versed upon all subjects suited to her age  
 and sex, would bear up Lucy against the  
 fearfulness natural on such an occasion.  
 Lucy felt that fearfulness, and hung an  
 instant in suspense: but the image of her  
 father’s encouraging looks came full upon  
 her mind, and fixed her resolution.

## CHAP. XXI.

SHE found her father asleep, and got seated by him without disturbing him. She gazed upon him with warm affection, but yet with a degree of awe greater than perhaps she had ever experienced. A continuance of this situation might have sunk her spirits, or even tempted her to intreat that her mother would take her place. But her father awoke: and, seeing Lucy within his reach, held out his hand, and looked such a look on one of his restorers to health (for as such he considered her) that her apprehensions subsided to a very moderate pitch.

“Has the sleep been pleasant?” said she. “Vastly pleasant and refreshing,”

F 3

he

he answered; "even more so than my usual sleep in health. What says your mother?" "She says," answered Lucy, "that the surgeon now thinks you fit for conversation upon matters of business." "And are, then," said he, "my feverish and delirious ramblings to be treated as matters of business?" She was rather disconcerted: but, endeavouring to pass it off with a smile, and saying, "My mother, I assure you, has commissioned me with very weighty matters," hastened into subjects which soon held prisoner the ear of her father.

When he had learned the principal things, he said: "It is true, Lucy, I had for a considerable time observed appearances in Edward of an attachment to you. I was not in haste to be the first in mentioning it. I thought that, if his character should continue to appear as good as it had done, the circumstance of his being placed a trifle lower  
" in



“ in the world than ourselves, could not  
 “ be of such weight, that I ought to pre-  
 “ clude his chance of gaining your affec-  
 “ tions. Amongst the men who would  
 “ look at my Lucy in her poverty,  
 “ there are so few to whom I should wil-  
 “ lingly intrust her happiness, that I own  
 “ I did not think it right to begin by  
 “ prejudging the cause, and cutting off  
 “ from all chance of success even a man  
 “ without any property; for so I imagined  
 “ him to be. But, as soon as a small  
 “ suspicion arose that he might belong to  
 “ a family of fortune, which was but a  
 “ very short time before my accident, I  
 “ grew very uneasy under my ignorance  
 “ of the real circumstances of the case:  
 “ and I am not surprised that my delirium  
 “ should lay hold of this subject in parti-  
 “ cular. How he has behaved to his fa-  
 “ ther, I do not at present distinctly see.”  
 “ There are several lesser particulars,”  
 answered Lucy, “ which I omitted in pur-  
 “ suance of my mother’s strict injunc-  
 F 4 “ tion,

“tion, that I should leave them to a future conversation, unless you felt yourself perfectly able to give the necessary attention without hazard to yourself.”

“I think,” said he, “you need not suppress any thing on that account. I cannot avoid thinking on the subject: and I had better be possessed of all the matter than part of it.” She then related particularly the conduct which Edward had observed towards his father, and the rest of his proceeding, as he had related it to her. “It is a curious story,” said Eynsbury; “and requires consideration. And what end we are to begin at, I do not immediately see. Are we to take for granted the truth of the story?” This was a question which Lucy had overlooked. She certainly *had* taken the truth for granted. “I think,” said he, “Lucy—I don’t know what—let me see. I believe, indeed, I am

“ I am rather fatigued; and did not perceive it till this moment.”

This gave her pain. She immediately recollected how strongly the surgeon had spoken, though some time ago, of the bad consequences to be apprehended from any great fatigue to her father; and the great care with which her mother, and indeed all, had attended to the surgeon's cautions on that head. “ If I,” said she to herself, “ should now have been undoing my father's recovery !” She fell into a trepidation, and looked anxiously at her father. “ No alarm,” said he, “ Lucy ; no alarm, I beg ! Give me a little refreshment. After that, I will give myself up to composure.—Stay, give me the medicine which I begin to fear we have rather forgotten.”

It was the first neglect, of the sort, which had happened during the illness. It increased Lucy's trepidation. She went



in haste to the store of medicines, poured one out, and brought it to her father. He drank it off. "Is it a new medicine?" said he: "it tastes differently from any I recollect." She went to the phial which had contained the medicine, took it into her hand, let it fall, and sunk senseless on the floor. Her father gave the best alarm he could. Edward was in the fields, at his humble occupation; which had suffered some interruption during Eynsbury's illness. Paul was employed in the barn. Mary came, alone, to the melancholy sight. She attempted to give her daughter something of an upright posture. Her daughter was a mere log, and wanted such assistance as her mother could not give her. The father saw that distress, and was at the same time suspicious that he was himself in a condition which admitted no delay. He desired Mary to see for help, and she fetched Paul.

"Paul," said his father, "carry poor  
" Lucy

“ Lucy and lay her upon a bed. You  
 “ must then be obliged to leave her to  
 “ her mother’s care, and return imme-  
 “ diately to me.” There was something  
 peremptory in his manner of saying this,  
 which surprised Mary. At the same time  
 it prevented her from doing any thing  
 which might have occasioned delay. Paul  
 obeyed literally, and with alertness, with-  
 out looking for a reason; as if he had been  
 under military discipline. When he re-  
 turned, his father said, “ Lucy, I appre-  
 “ hend, has made some mistake, in giving  
 “ me a medicine, from which she has  
 “ dreaded bad consequences. You see  
 “ the effect upon *her*. As for myself, we  
 “ had better not attempt to act upon our  
 “ own conjectures: fetch the surgeon.”

Paul needed no words to give him ex-  
 pedition. He recollected the phial about  
 which such strong cautions had been  
 given. A few drops of it were to be ad-  
 ministered on some occasions: but it had

been strongly impressed upon every attendant, that any large quantity might operate as a poison. He flew to the surgeon of the village, burst into the house, and "My father," said he, "has taken the poison: and it may be a quarter of an hour ago. I wish you would run to him as fast as I have run to you." "I will come," he answered, "as soon as it is possible for me to be prepared with such things as are necessary. Run home, provide help, and be in waiting." Paul obeyed again; calling out, as he departed, "Lose not a moment, as you value his life." And, to say the truth, Eynsbury's life was valued by his neighbours in an uncommon degree. It had been, in an uncommon degree, valuable to them.

When Paul had done every thing which he could think of, or his father suggest, he staid by him in the most impatient expectation of the surgeon. The father was  
more



more cool and collected than the son. He was not the Stoic, to have no fear of the pain which he might suffer: but, as for death, the idea was familiar to him, and threw him into no surprise. And his great mind was roused to an energy suited to the magnitude of the occasion. Lucy they did not absolutely forget. But, besides that they had reason to believe her case not of that immediate importance, Paul had already found means to dispatch a messenger for Edward, and for some other persons, who might, as occasion required, be of service to the father or the daughter.

The surgeon was a man of sensibility, and was not grown callous in his profession. This, together with his regard for Eynsbury, brought him to the house in a very short time; although to Paul it appeared a very long one. But he had the prudence not to risk the lengthening of the delay by commencing any thing like altercation with the surgeon: who now administered

administered the means which his skill suggested. After which he gave strong hopes that the life of the patient would be preserved: but he spoke with great caution as to the degree of illness which might follow from the unhappy mistake. He requested that Mr. Betson might be sent for: which Paul ventured to comply with; in reliance on the approbation of Mr. Ambrook, who had originally sent for Mr. Betson, when Eynsbury met with his accident. A preparation necessary for the father required such haste, that the surgeon departed without seeing the daughter.

A neighbour's son, who was employed to fetch Edward, had overheard some little conversation on the double misfortune: and took the care which persons even of mature age can take sometimes; that is, not to be behind-hand with *fact*, in relating a dismal story. "Edward," said he, "Lucy Eynsbury has poisoned her  
" father;

“ father ; and she is dropped down dead.  
 “ You must——” “ What do you  
 “ mean ?” said Edward. “ I mean what  
 “ I say,” answered the youth ; “ and, if  
 “ you do not believe me, you may stay  
 “ where you are : but they said you were  
 “ to go as quick as you could.” Edward  
 was in the habit of governing his pas-  
 sions. Otherwise, the boy stood a chance  
 of being knocked down. For the tragi-  
 cal events related, the abrupt manner of  
 mentioning them, with the pert language  
 of the boy, raised in Edward a disposition  
 to do suddenly any thing wild and extra-  
 vagant. But the disposition itself was tran-  
 sient. Edward saw a better method of  
 shewing his attention to the dreadful news.  
 The velocity of his motion, together with  
 the palpitation of his heart, left him bare-  
 ly the power of breathing when he arrived  
 at the cottage.

He found Mr. Layton at the door : who  
 had been walking that way ; and who,  
 upon



upon observing a tumult, and inquiring into the cause, soon learnt the distressing tidings; somewhat magnified, but not so much as by the messenger sent to Edward. Having just entered the house, and been informed, from a neighbour who had come to offer assistance, of the situation of Eynsbury and also of Lucy, he stood a moment at the door, considering what course to take. Edward, with an aspect of horror, anxiety, and impetuosity, was going to rush by him. Layton seized his arm, and said; "You cannot see her just now: she is under the care of her mother." But he resolutely pushed into the house.

## CHAP. XXII.

Lucy had been conveyed, by her brother, into a place too small to be called a room: but it was all the space the cottage could allow, for placing a bed for her use. Her mother, at first, was proceeding to the use of methods accounted proper for recovering a person from a fainting fit. Lucy raised herself. "Who are you?" said she. "You are not awake yet," answered her mother: "I fear you are very poorly." "Speak not of *poorly*," said she: "if you touch me, you are dead." "You are but in a dream, child," said Mary: "awake, Lucy." "I shall pollute the fairest hand in the nation," cried Lucy: "keep off." "Don't you know my voice?" said

said her mother. "It is poison," said she: "you see, I am infected from head to foot." Her mother made various attempts, to bring her to herself: but she grew silent, and sat motionless, except shrinking from her mother when she attempted to touch her. Mary desisted in despair; and sat watching her daughter with anxious eyes, and a mind filled with painful apprehensions.

The movements in the house, occasioned by the surgeon and others attending upon Eynsbury, reached not the ears of either mother or daughter. Mary had got no distinct conception of her husband's situation. The few peremptory words which he had uttered, and which had struck her at the time, had left no definite impression: and what they *had* left was soon worn away by her attention to Lucy. The time passed on, unmarked. Neither swiftness nor tediousness was noticed.

When



When Eynsbury was laid down to rest, Paul came to look after his sister. Finding Layton and Edward, he inquired of them: but got no information, except that a great silence had prevailed now for a long time, and that they would gladly hope Lucy was, under the refreshing power of sleep. Paul tapped faintly at the door of Lucy's humble lodging-room. No answer was given. After a repetition, he slowly opened the door; and beheld the mother and daughter sitting in the depth of dejection. "Now, my Lucy," said he, "how are you?" "Stand off, stand off;" she answered, but without looking him in the face.

Mary beckoned Paul; and they departed together. She gave him a short account of Lucy. And, being informed by Paul of the true state of his father, she now saw meaning in some of Lucy's expressions which before had totally confounded her. She went immediately to him;

him; consigning Lucy to the care of her brother. Edward heard the short account which Mary gave to Paul. His stout limbs trembled; and his countenance was as pale as his now habitually hardy complexion was capable of becoming by a sudden change. A dread of distressing Lucy stayed him from going into her presence: with which agreed the opinions of the rest. Yet he suffered under the most grievous impatience to see her. Till he knew the state she was in, the conversation of Layton had been some relief to him; as it readily enough inclined to the subjects by which his own mind was wholly absorbed. But now all conversation became intolerable; except conversing with his own imagination. He sat down, and looked, not *upon* the floor, but *through* it; directing his eyes, if to any point, to one far below the surface of the earth. Thus fixed, he paid no regard to Layton; but, nevertheless, was not left unheeded by him.

The

The mental sufferings through which Layton had passed, had given his mind just that turn which makes a man attend rather more strongly to the misery, than the happiness, which he beholds in life. They had not brought him down to any low degree of habitual melancholy, they had not destroyed his relish for the cheerful society of particular friends, they had not removed his sympathy with the joys of others; but sympathy with their *sorrows* arose somewhat more readily, and operated more powerfully. To a mind thus prepared, the scene here presented must have been exquisitely touching. He had before acquired the highest esteem for Eynsbury and his family. Lucy had even reached his affections. Edward had obtained his esteem, and his friendship; and attracted his attention peculiarly by the singular plan which he had hitherto pursued with apparent success. Even Mary and Paul, as the near friends of the principals in distress, were no trifling objects

of his attention. "I have seen the waves of the sea to the shore."



to the mental eye of Layton. Thus placed, he wanted not conversation as an employment to engage himself; although he should have rejoiced to engage Edward in conversation, in order to relieve him from the violent oppression of his present thoughts. But, judging all attempts for that purpose to be vain, he indulged without reserve in the most profound sympathy with each, by turns, of all the surrounding objects. And, in the midst of all this, would he now and then wander to his Constantia. "Wert thou my partner now, and with me here," said he to himself, "what a field for the exertion of thy benevolence and thy soothing spirit!" He had forgot that, had she been living and his partner, probably both he and she had enjoyed a more cheerful state of mind, a less violent disposition to sympathize with woe, than he was secretly supposing her to have. His thoughts went on. "But, return not to us. No. Thou art landed safe. We are still tossing upon the waves." This kindly opened

opened the sluices of his eyes. An unusual flood of tears gave a rich relief to a heart somewhat overburdened with the weight of others' griefs, and pained with inactive suspense about the events which might follow.

But the inactive suspense was now ended, by a violent alarm from Mary: who beheld her husband suddenly seized with an appearance of convulsion, and apprehended an immediate approach of death. Assistance was loudly called for. Layton made now no scruple of going immediately to Eynsbury's bed; laying hold on Edward by the way, and partly dragging him, partly rousing him to action by suggesting the necessity of the case. Paul was not detained by any immediate service which he seemed capable of rendering to Lucy. He left her alone; and lost a while even the recollection of her, in the more pressing wants of his father, if relief could indeed now be administered.

Lucy,

Lucy, in her distraction, strongly possessed with the thought of avoiding the approach of every human being, was prompted by a desire of escaping from those about her. Although much deranged with the shock she had received, she was sensible of being just now unobserved; and had the sagacity, not uncommon with persons deranged, to seize with address this moment of escape. Every door was open through which she had to pass, all the persons in the house were collected about Eynsbury in a separate room, and the noise which their operations necessarily made, while their attention was closely fixed upon him, prevented Lucy's motions from being perceived. The situation of the cottage gave her a ready access to the sequestered spots of the vicinity, without her being obliged to pass by any house.

Shortly after this, Mr. Betson arrived; along with the surgeon of the village: who had already informed him of the accident  
 I / which



which had befallen Eynsbury through the means of his beloved Lucy. On first hearing the tidings, "We must," said Betson, "save Eynsbury: else that sweet and uncommonly affectionate creature will be lost." "We must," said the other, "save that sweet creature, (as you term her, and with good reason:) else the father may perhaps sink under the calamity. For, to speak a plain truth, the loss of him would be more sensibly felt, in its effects, by the inhabitants of the village; although Lucy is the idol of their affections."

Before the arrival of the surgeons, the appearances inclined every one more or less to like apprehensions with Mary. Nor was it to be wondered at, in persons to whom the phœnomena of disease were not familiar. But the surgeons were soon inabled to give the most consolatory assurances, as to any immediate danger to the life of the patient. They proceeded to

make use of such means, and give such directions, as the case required: and presently the family was restored to a momentary tranquillity. During the stay of the surgeons, Layton and Edward quitted the room where Eynsbury was: and, as Edward appeared still averse from conversation, Layton left him again to himself; and each returned to a train of thought similar to that which had employed him before. Neither of them ventured to look after Lucy in the retirement where she was supposed to remain: but they grew impatient, Edward especially, that her mother or brother should return to the care of her.

When every thing was finished for the present, respecting the father, Mr. Betson said to Mary; “I hope I may be permitted to inquire, as a friend, after your daughter: who, I understand, has received a severe shock from the mistake made in the medicine; a mistake which  
“ might

" might possibly have been committed by  
 " persons more experienced than herself, in  
 " peculiar circumstances." " I wish,"  
 answered Mary, drawing them out of  
 Eynsbury's hearing, " that we be not  
 " obliged, on *her* account, now, to call in  
 " the assistance of one of you two gentle-  
 " men. But go to your sister, Paul. We  
 " have probably been absent from her  
 " much longer than we are aware, by the  
 " distressing alarm which we have had:  
 " and she may, really, have been neglect-  
 " ed. Go. I will tell these gentlemen  
 " what I have seen of her situation."

She had scarcely uttered two sentences,  
 before Paul returned, with an appearance  
 of vehement anxiety and eagerness.  
 " Where is she?" said he. " Who?"  
 said Mary: " what do you mean?"  
 " Edward and Mr. Layton," said he,  
 " know nothing of her. She is lost. We  
 " shall see Lucy no more." " Do not be  
 " hasty," said Mr. Betson, " in your con-  
 " clusions."



"clussions." But Paul had departed as quick as he entered; weeping like an infant. The house was presently in confusion: and it was only by extreme watchfulness in the surgeons, that the alarm was prevented from reaching Eynsbury. As Mary had been interrupted in giving her account to the surgeons, Mr. Betson begged to be informed, with the utmost brevity, of her state. He soon suggested the probability of her having escaped with design: and, having long been much interested about her, from the accounts of her he had received at Mr. Ambrook's, he offered his assistance, with great humanity, in the search for her; which was by no means to be delayed, or to be left to a few persons to execute. Mary, with a neighbour to assist in case of need, undertook the care of her husband. The rest departed in search of Lucy; taking such different routes as, in the pressure of the moment, they could contrive.

Edward

Edward could not avoid wishing that he himself could go in every direction at once. But, the possibilities of nature not accommodating themselves to the extravagance of his wishes, he took one route as his part; including as large a range as possible by the sweep of his eyes. Objects seen indistinctly at a distance, were Lucy and not Lucy, repeatedly, to his tremulous and sensible imagination. He walked by the side of the brook; and, with a painful apprehension and oppressive horror, viewed the course of it most diligently. "There is apparel," said he to himself, "at the root of that bush. She is gone. And our search is but for a breathless corpse." He advanced; and beheld only a rag, which had been peaceably washed for some days by the stream. Several things of this sort struck him successively. The repeated discovery of deception did not release him from that state of mind which gave to deception so

great power over him. The repetition had the contrary effect. He became more and more ready to catch at every appearance of the kind; and suffer a torture which, had he been at leisure to attend to it, he would have thought too high a price to pay for any earthly blessing, Lucy excepted.

He came to that part of the brook, where the opening to the fine valley of Luccomb was upon his left hand. There, it may be remembered, was the repeated scene of his meditations on the subject of Lucy. And there was the scene of her personating, at his request, the unfortunate woman whom the loss of her children had driven to insanity. After which, his imagination had been wildly led to the possibility of herself coming into the situation of her whom she had been personating. The situation, in some sense, and from a different cause, was now arrived. This  
struck



struck him: and, in his weak and perturbed state, he yielded to the superstitious fancy of a connection between that former conception, which had passed through his brain, and the present event.

When he returned to reason and tranquillity, he saw clearly that it was merely one of those rare and casual coincidences, which would produce no effect upon a mind in its cool moments, if attention were but paid to the immense number of cases in which those coincidences *fail*. If, out of a hundred forebodings or prophecies, only one receives any thing like a justification from the event, he who guides his conduct by a subsequent foreboding or prophecy of the same nature, must be very careless to overlook the ninety-nine which proved false, or a very bad reasoner to allow them no force. But reason was not at present the ruling principle of Edward's mind. Yet, even in this dreadful

extremity, he derived much more benefit from it, in making a proper search for Lucy, than those who habitually neglect it can derive in like circumstances.

## CHAP. XXIII.

COMING to this part of the brook, he cast his eye into the valley. "That must be she," said he. But, though he said *must*, he could scarcely now think that the living moving figure which he beheld could be Lucy, whom he had so frequently drowned as he passed along by the brook. Daylight was departing, the full moon was just risen above the edge of the hill which bounded the verdant valley and formed the horizon: and the gloom of the unenlightened part of the valley added force to his apprehension and horror. He flew towards the figure: but it vanished from his sight, without his being able to distinguish how or whither it moved. The palpitation of his heart was violent:



and he certainly had sunk under fatigue and want of breath, had his impulse to action been only of moderate strength.

A little further progress shewed him that the winding of the path and the shape of the ground had hid the figure for a short time. The want of light had prevented his distinguishing the moment and point of the disappearance. "Lucy, Lucy!" he called. It had no effect. "Lucy! My dear Lucy!" The figure moved quicker. But Edward soon overtook it; and beheld the fair and exact form of his Lucy:—even to the features and countenance, as far as distinguishable. Still it avoided him. But he laid hold of the arm: and then beheld her so distinctly that he knew it was no other.

"Do not you know me, Lucy?"  
 "You are a thief-catcher," said she: "the  
 "poison is upon you in an instant. You  
 "will be dead in five minutes. Be gone."  
 She

She attempted to push him away. "Do you not hear Edward's voice?" said he. She gave no answer. He went on. "Edward, your father's labourer, and—" "Begone," she cried, "to those that *have* fathers. Poison is a murderer, and fathers cannot live before it." She softened her voice, "O, my adored father!" She fell on her knees, and clasped her hands. Suddenly she rose, and cried out, "He will not hear me. He looks another way. How his body is swollen!—Was that once my father?" Then, stepping forward, as if overtaking a person before her, and lowering her voice, she said, "Let me go in your stead: then all will be right. You cannot be spared."

Edward, struck dumb, yielded gently to all these motions; without intirely quitting his hold of her. He attempted to wheel her round, from the direction in which she was moving. She resisted; and he suffered her to go on: which she did

as in pursuit of some object. "Father, "look on me," said she: "there is not "poison in my looks.—Hear me once "more: my words carry no poison.—He "is gone." She fell upon the earth. Edward took her in his arms, and conveyed her a considerable way towards home; then placed her upon her feet again. "Are you a surgeon?" said she. He asked, "What shall I do for you?" "Only cure him," she answered; "only "save him." "He is almost well again," said Edward; "calm yourself." "A false "prophet," she cried, "a false prophet! "You are in danger of your life. The "man I am talking of, is dead;—dead. "Yet, if you could cure him!" "What "then?" said Edward. "Do you know," said she, "a person?—There is one Edward." "I know him vastly well," he answered. "That's the only man," said she; "he is a physician, and a labourer: "he can cure him." "He will, I dare "say;" said Edward: "I will tell him."



“Then, if he cures him,—that father I told you of—Have *you* a father?” Edward could scarcely get out a word. “He is a father,” said he, “to us all. We will cure him by some means or other.” “Edward is the man,” she said: “nobody else can cure him. Then, when he has cured him, he shall—don’t tell it to all the world—” (she softened her voice and lowered her head) “O, how I will love him!” She reclined her head, as if in confusion, upon Edward’s shoulder and breast.

Tears burst from him in a flood: he prest her to him tenderly, but could not utter words. If he could, none would have been able to convey his feelings; even to Lucy, had she been herself. The milder tone which she had taken, spoke a degree of amendment, (such, at least, was his interpretation;) and the love which she expressed for Edward, combined with the glimmering of hope that she would soon  
be

be restored, shed a beam of comfort upon his harassed and disconsolate soul, which, for an instant, was positive felicity in the midst of deep distress.

She raised her head, saying, " But  
 " poison is a dreadful thing.—You never  
 " drank poison, did you? It is murder.—  
 " They say, I murdered him.—But Ed-  
 " ward is a princely physician." Edward began to fear she was growing more violent again. He addressed her in the mildest and most encouraging manner. " Yes," said he, " Edward can do every  
 " thing for us. Do you know his voice?  
 " Cannot I speak like him?" " So you  
 " do," she answered, and appeared to be pleased. " I will be your Edward," said he, " and we will go this instant and cure  
 " that dear father of ours." " So we  
 " will," she answered. The thought succeeded; and Edward made the best use of it, for bringing her home.

Paul, having diligently pursued the route which had fallen to his share, was come round near to the part where Edward and Lucy were now moving along at a tolerable pace. As the day-light was totally gone, and Paul's attention began to wear out by want of success, he did not perceive them till he was within a very small distance. He then sprang towards them with great velocity, and came up rather abruptly. "They are come," said she, "to take me to the assizes." Edward made signs to Paul, that he should be gentle in his manner. She added, "I do not regard, if we do but cure him." "And that we will do presently," said Edward. He discouraged Paul from talking to her. They proceeded without further delay, and got home. The sound of a horn, which had been agreed upon as a signal, gave to the various searchers the welcome intelligence that Lucy was brought back: and, in  
a little



a little time, they all arrived at the cottage.

In the mean time Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook, with Miss Layton, had also arrived: and, aware of the inconvenience of the cottage for the present condition of its inhabitants, begged to take Lucy to their house, and administer every possible assistance to her recovery. Lucy's friends were perfectly convinced of the sincerity of the offer: and Mr. Betson, knowing the benefit of large airy rooms and other conveniences of Mr. Ambrook's house, for such a case as Lucy's, and aware of the peculiar advantage of being early in the application of the means to be used for her recovery, urged the acceptance of the offer made by Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook. And Miss Layton's proposal of supplying in some respects the place of Mary, in her attention to her daughter, caused Mary and the rest to acquiesce the more readily in the arrangement.

Mr.

Mr. Betson requested of Edward, to relate to him what had passed after his discovery of Lucy. He gave the best account he could recollect, of all that seemed material to Mr. Betson's purpose. It was a frosty evening in the beginning of December. And Mr. Betson judged that the coldness of the air had been of use to Lucy. "You," said he to Edward, "seem to have gained a degree of her confidence; which, in these unhappy cases, is often material. We must look to you as a principal person in bringing about her recovery," (Edward coloured) "which, I hope, is neither improbable nor very distant." Edward's countenance gleamed with joy. Mr. Betson afterwards repeated this to Edward, in the presence of several of the persons assembled at the cottage: and Edward's colour was of a deeper dye; but his enjoyment of the prospect was not destroyed by it. Mr. Betson looked in again upon Eynsbury,

bury, gave directions for the treatment of both the patients, and departed.

The company was soon convinced of what Mr. Betson had said, that Edward seemed to have gained a degree of Lucy's confidence. They found that she was more manageable by him than by any other person, and more cheerful under his treatment of her. The great difficulty was, to get her to quit the cottage. "Where is Edward, the physician?" said she. Those who heard this looked with surprised and interrogative looks at each other. Edward was a little perplexed: but, endeavouring to return to the feelings with which he had humoured her fancies as they had returned home, he answered, "You shall see, we will procure the physician: he shall take care of you." "I had a father once," said she. "Has he cured *him*?" "He shall cure you," answered Edward, "and your father



“ father too, we hope. Come, now we  
 “ are to go.” “ I had rather not, I had  
 “ rather not;” said she. “ But how, then,”  
 said he, “ are we to cure your father ?”  
 “ Oh,” said she, “ if that is it, come  
 “ along.” And she set out, readily;  
 Edward having hold of her arm. Mr.  
 and Mrs. Ambrook and Miss Layton ac-  
 companied them.

Mrs. Ambrook asked Edward whether  
 he could communicate his secret for the  
 management of Lucy : “ who must now  
 “ frequently be left,” she said, “ under  
 “ the direction of myself and Miss Lay-  
 “ ton.” This again disconcerted Ed-  
 ward a little : but, being so seriously in-  
 tent upon a most assiduous observance  
 of every method promising success in Lu-  
 cy’s recovery, he set himself to recollect  
 each particular which seemed to have  
 had a good effect upon her. And al-  
 though, in answering Mrs. Ambrook,  
 he avoided, as much as he could, every  
 thing

thing which might place him in the light of a lover, yet he mentioned Lucy's imagination of one Edward a physician, and the manner in which he had given into it. After which he took leave for the night.

The events of this day had been very fatiguing to Eynsbury. His long conversation with Lucy had deceived him as well as her, in that respect. Enjoying the delight of returning vigour, and drawn on by the extremely interesting nature of the conversation, he had unawares indulged in it beyond the bounds of prudence: and he would probably have repented of such imprudence, under the suffering of at least some slight relapse, had nothing more serious occurred. Add to this the sight of Lucy's fall upon the floor, his exertions of mind and body to prevent or counteract the effects of the liquid he had swallowed by mistake, and the actual disorder which had taken place from

from it; and there will be no surprise that he should be fatigued and depressed; to a great degree. The consequence was a disturbed and feverish night, and horrid pictures of Lucy before his eyes, undergoing a variety of tortures. But he had not yet been informed of the particular manner in which she had been affected since her fall in his presence.

In a few days, however, he had so far recovered from the effects of the unhappy mistake, that it was judged proper to tell him openly of her condition. There was the less difficulty in this task, on account of her apparent amendment in that time, and the fair prospect of her being ere long restored to her father and family. But, notwithstanding this softening of the intelligence, Eynsbury was evidently sunk by it. It threw him into a stupor; and destroyed all those cheerful moments which had begun to increase daily in number and liveliness, by his advancing recovery.

“ When



“ When shall I see her ? ” said he. “ Mr. Betson,” answered Mary, “ urges at present a strong necessity for delaying that satisfaction:—if indeed you could derive any from the sight. But he says that, for the sake of both, it should by no means be permitted at present.” “ Well,” said he in a feeble, but mild, tone of voice, “ I bow my head to misfortune.”

This sounded not precisely like the hitherto unbroken and elevated spirit of Eynsbury. Mary felt the difference: but it was not unnatural to her. She knew that Lucy was, to her father, a different thing from lands and tenements, goods and chattels. When his house was burnt down, he could not only put on a coarse jacket instead of a good coat, and handle a plough; but he could do this with a light heart and a gay countenance. But, if his Lucy was lost, lost in a way so melancholy to his eyes, and by a cause so touching

touching to his heart, could even the strength of Eynsbury's mind stand against such a misfortune? Add to this, that his mind had not at present its usual strength; being enfeebled by his illness. Yet, even under this pressure, he remained an example for imitation. He yielded to no extravagant effusions of passion: but exerted his weakened powers, to substitute a sober, steady, and mild submission, in the place of that magnanimous cheerfulness which, on all former occasions, he had been able to maintain.

## CHAP. XXIV.

Lucy had great aids, to contribute to her restoration:—skilful prescription, attendants in whom sagacity, diligence, and affection, were rivals, her own settled habits of health and regular life, a due mixture of tranquillity and action, with all the benefit of air and exercise, in the retirement of Mr. Ambrook's gardens, that the season of the year would allow, and lastly, the society of Miss Flora at proper intervals and under due regulations. It was found that the light and easy motions of Flora, with her childish talk corresponding to them, had an effect upon Lucy which seemed to promise a solid advantage. Mrs. Ambrook and Miss Layton could draw Lucy on into little conversations



conversations, by the help of Flora and her playthings. And nothing else seemed so readily and so effectually to bring on the kind of conversation which was thought suitable to Lucy's state of mind, and likely to promote her recovery. Edward also became a great favourite with Flora : and Lucy, in the company of these two, would often converse for a time in a manner which could not perhaps be distinguished from the language of a person whose faculties were in their due state. She also frequently shewed, indistinctly, a recollection of persons. Edward, having full permission and invitation to attend upon Lucy at Mr. Ambrook's, (both from Mr. Betson's recommendation and the effect which his presence and mode of addressing her evidently had,) did not fail to spend every moment with her which he could command.

One day, when he was with her and Flora, and Lucy had for some time join-

ed in the conversation and an attention to Flora's play, she became silent. Ere long Edward observed her to be drowsy. Without quitting her abruptly, he engaged more fully in play with Flora; and, after a while, observed Lucy to be intirely overcome with sleep. He moderated the noise of Flora's play: but contrived such amusement for her as produced a gentle lulling noise. Unwilling to awake Lucy, even by cessation of the noise, he persevered for a great length of time, and succeeded in preserving the sound nearly uniform.

Lucy awoke, without seeming to be awaked by them. He waited till she appeared to be certainly awake, and unlikely to return to sleep. He then went up to her, and was met by a look which filled his soul with joy. "Edward," said she, with a gentle trepidation and faint colouring, "what has brought you and me hither? This is Mr. Ambrook's parlour."

“lour. And Flora! But where, then,  
 “are Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook?” “They  
 “are gone out airing,” said Flora; “and  
 “they let me bring my playthings here:  
 “because you were poorly, and I might  
 “come and be with you.” Lucy and  
 Edward were silent. Flora said, “Miss  
 “Layton will be here presently, I dare  
 “say.—Shall I go fetch her?” She  
 went towards the door. Edward felt pe-  
 culiarly interested; and was afraid of in-  
 terruption, without knowing distinctly  
 why.

“And did they tell you,” said Lucy to  
 Flora, “that I was poorly?” “Yes,”  
 said Flora: “and that, if I could make  
 “you well again, they would all love me.”  
 “They love you without that,” said Lu-  
 cy: “but I do not know that I am poor-  
 “ly.—Yet, I think I don’t feel myself  
 “vastly stout.—I am confused, I believe.”  
 “Pray, Edward, tell me. It is an odd  
 “question to ask. But, have I been ill?”



Edward was so wrapped up in delight, at seeing her eyes acknowledge him decisively as the true and real Edward, at hearing her speak to him as himself, that he had scarcely power to enter into talk. His delight, indeed, was greatly checked by a dread of some deception or relapse. But this rather added to that suspension of his powers, which prevented his giving her an immediate answer.

"Indeed, Lucy," said he, "you have been out of health. I am very glad to see you look so much better. Do you find your sleep refreshing?" "You have observed me asleep, then;" she said:—"yes, it has been a sweet sleep. And I had such a pleasant dream. My father had been ill: and he was just recovered; and he looked so uncommonly well. And there was my mother, and Paul, and—" she stopped an instant, then spoke quick and low, and avoided all emphasis, in saying, "and you was there:

"and

“and you was—” then she seemed to break off from what she was going to say, and added, “and my father looked indeed charmingly.—I am pretty well, “I believe, now;” said she, rising from her seat and beginning to walk. “And yet, I don’t know, I am very weak.” “Take hold of this arm,” he said, “and walk a few steps.” “Let us walk home,” said she.—“Yet, we should take our leave of Mrs. Ambrook.” In Lucy’s improved situation, nothing was more natural than a pleasant dream: nor, under the circumstances, was there any more natural subject for a pleasant dream, than her father’s return to health; which *accidentally* coincided, in some degree, with the truth.

“I must tell you, Lucy,” said Edward, “you have been so ill that it was thought right to accept the offer of Mrs. Ambrook, who intreated leave to remove you hither: and the attentions which

"have been paid here to your health,  
 "will, I now hope, have proved effec-  
 "tual." "And, how long," said she,  
 "have I been here?" "Not many weeks,"  
 he answered, smiling. "Weeks, Ed-  
 "ward?" she exclaimed: "but speak  
 "seriously." "Seriously," said he, "the  
 "best thing you can do, in my opinion,  
 "is to defer inquiries of that sort till your  
 "health and strength are further con-  
 "firmed." "And are you," she asked,  
 "my physician?" "You never heard,"  
 said he, "of Edward the physician?"  
 And, as soon as the words were uttered,  
 he wished them back again; lest they  
 should lead to an unwelcome train of  
 ideas, better forgotten.

"Edward the physician?" she repeat-  
 ed. "How jocular you are?—Did  
 "you not jest about that before?—I am  
 "extremely confused. I believe I have  
 "dreamt about a physician. Miss Lay-  
 "ton may be better informed than you  
 "are.



“are. I can ask *her*, you know.” Edward took alarm: and strongly intreated her to wait a short time before she perplexed herself with inquiries. She saw that he was now in earnest; and, with the temper of her father, acquiesced. He left her with Flora; that he might carry the joyful tidings, and prevent any person coming in uninformed, who might distress Lucy by surprise, by questions, or by giving her more information of her late condition than to him appeared prudent.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook and Miss Layton received the news with extreme joy. A servant happening to enter, Mrs. Ambrook could not withhold from her the satisfaction of knowing the favourable change which had taken place in the beloved Lucy. The intelligence was soon spread amongst the servants: and a buzz of joy was heard throughout the mansion. This shewed the immediate ne-

cessity of conveying the news to Eynsbury's cottage. Edward, in quitting Lucy, had intended to return to her immediately. But, seeing now that he was the proper person to be the messenger of the news, he denied himself the other pleasure, and soon found himself enjoying that of being so welcome a messenger.

Lucy had been about two weeks at Mr. Ambrook's. In that time her father had nearly completed his recovery. He was able to walk to Mr. Ambrook's, and had walked an equal distance. He burned with desire to see Lucy: but, by the advice of the surgeons, who dreaded the danger of disturbing her imagination, he had restrained himself from going. When he heard the tidings from the mouth of Edward, "Now," said he, "we shall no longer be parted." Edward looked grave, but said nothing. "Mary," said Eynsbury, "this is like a new life." They both were struck with Edward's  
grave

grave manner. " You know," said Mary,  
 " Edward has been her physician. And,  
 " if he sees any objection to your seeing  
 " her quite so soon, it behoves not only  
 " the patient, but the friends of the patient,  
 " to obey."

And true it was, that Edward had so  
 intensely applied his mind to observe how  
 Lucy was affected by whatever was said  
 or done to her, that he was a better judge  
 than any other person, of what she was  
 likely to bear without hazard of injury.  
 From Mary's speech he assumed a confi-  
 dence to give his opinion, that, consider-  
 ing Lucy's conversation and apparent  
 strength, even since she began to speak  
 with perfect coherence, he could not re-  
 frain from expressing a wish that a delay  
 of one more day might be allowed.  
 Eynsbury listened earnestly to the particu-  
 lars subsequent to her awaking out of the  
 sleep: and, reflecting how intimately con-  
 nected he was with the cause of her de-

H 5                    rangement,



rangement, he thought it the safer determination to wait the tidings of one more day. Paul was gone, before this time, to see his recovered sister.

Next morning Mr. Betson was at Edington: and, having carefully listened to every information, principally Edward's, about Lucy's progress since he last saw her, and made every inquiry and observation respecting her present state, he ventured to give a decided opinion that it was now safe to introduce to each other the father and daughter, separated by a circumstance singularly cruel. Had the introduction been an exhibition to which money could have admitted Mr. Betson, he would gladly have paid a higher price than is usually paid at public spectacles: but he could not induce himself to attempt to interfere with a private scene so exquisitely delicate, and liable to be much injured by his presence. Lucy's situation, indeed, did not appear so remarkably

ably interesting as that of her father. Because, as far as could be gathered, she did not recollect the administering of the poisonous phial; and Mr. Betson recommended that she should be kept in ignorance on that head, at least till after their introduction to each other.

After Mr. Betson's sanction received, Eynsbury thought no more of delay. As Lucy had not yet appeared in the village, and it was determined, for the confirmation of her health, that she should remain a while longer at Mr. Ambrook's, her father went thither to see her. She knew pretty accurately his situation: having gradually recollected that part of his illness which was previous to the mistake in the medicine, and having received in general terms a tolerable account of his state since that time.

Edward presumed upon the confidence placed in him, respecting the care of Lucy,

to attend upon Eynsbury, with Mary and Paul, to Mr. Ambrook's. "She must not," said Edward, "be taken by surprise." "Go forward, then," said Paul: "she has prospered, I think, under your care; and I might be a little blunter with her than you will be." Edward scarcely knew how to receive this speech in the presence of Eynsbury: but, by going forward, he avoided all difficulty. He told Lucy of the near approach of her father and mother. She appeared somewhat agitated. Edward dreaded the consequence; and his looks, if Lucy attended to them, would promote what he wished to prevent. "Imagine only," said he, "that you quitted your father last night; and that you are now going to bid him good morrow." "Is it so easy?" said she. The party entered the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook, and Mr. and Miss Layton, were about to force their inclinations, and to leave Lucy to her father,



ther, upon the same principle of delicacy as had guided Mr. Betson. But, before they quitted the room, Eynsbury entered it. In his countenance appeared an assumed cheerfulness; through which were visible many serious workings of his soul: yet, in the composition, joy was not wanting. But all this was to be caught at a glance. For Lucy was in his arms in an instant: and the countenances of both were hid from view.

Not a word was uttered. Had there been a cool observer in the room, he might have remarked a perfect silence throughout; except an instantaneous burst of emotion in Paul, which seemed to take him by surprise, as if he had not imagined that joy might open a flood of tears. The observer might have remarked in Edward a pressing anxiety, a dread of bad effects from Lucy's exertions, and a striking attitude of preparation for relieving her if her strength should yield. In Mary,  
joy

joy mixed with conjugal and maternal affection, but placidly expressed. In Mr. Ambrook, the highest glow of benevolent sympathy;—felicity palpably constituted by that of others. In Layton, a great degree of the same benevolent sympathy; but shaded with a gentle habitual melancholy, which might receive, at this moment, some augmentation from a secret effect of Lucy's being probably consigned to another than himself. In Mrs. Ambrook and Miss Layton, a more ordinary kind of sympathy, and less strongly marked in the expression.

Edward's impatience burst through restraint. He went up to Lucy, laid softly hold of her, and as if to support her; but at the same time gently loosened her from her father. The separation was not strongly resisted on either part. "Sit down, Lucy;" said her father: "that's my good girl." The company sat down. Conversation was attempted. But one subject

subject was dangerous, as coming too near the present matter: another was insipid, as going too far from it. At length Mr. Ambrook hit off a mild and easy strain, which slightly touched now and then upon the present circumstances, but scarcely gave one sensation of alarm, even to the irritable nerves of Edward. When appearances were become tranquil, and Eynsbury and his daughter could address each other in a style approaching to their usual unconstrained and familiar manner, in which the nicely discerning eye alone could observe a continued flow of delicate affection, but which had long ago captivated Edward; he had resolution to tear himself from the party, and attend Paul to those occupations which necessity had compelled them in some degree to neglect.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook intreated Eynsbury to give as much of that day as he could, to their house. And, as that house  
contained



contained the newly-recovered Lucy, her father needed not much intreaty. Indeed, could she have been banished from his thoughts, he could have indulged greatly in passing the day with Mr. and Mrs. Ambrook, his unassuming and sociable benefactors, and with their guests, whose memorable evening visit to his cottage had been to him a fund of pleasure and flattering satisfaction. Gradually his extraordinary attention to Lucy subsided: which made way for his enjoyment of those esteemed friends, in this his first visit to the house:

## CHAP. XXV.

LUCY'S recovery advanced apace, And Edward thought it now again allowable to address her on the subject of love, He also spoke to the father, on the subject of a marriage with his daughter. "I understand," said he, "that you have been informed who is my father. He is slightly acquainted with Mr. Am- brook, and has occasionally been at Edington." "I understand," said Eynsbury in a good-humoured way of jest, "who you *say* your father is. Edward— for so, I conceive, you still wish me to style you—Edward, I could risk my life upon your word. Does it follow that I shall risk the happiness of Lucy?" "Let *that* happiness," replied Edward, "be

" be put to no risk which this world can  
 " avoid. You will give me no offence  
 " by any application, direct or indirect, to  
 " my father; nor by any inquiries after  
 " his character and circumstances. Nor,  
 " I think, if I make a request to him, will  
 " he object to confirm the conversation  
 " which passed between us; and, in par-  
 " ticular, that part of it in which he assur-  
 " ed me of some share of his property, al-  
 " though I should solicit in marriage the  
 " person I described: who is no other  
 " than your beloved Lucy. Mr. Am-  
 " brook can probably assist you in mak-  
 " ing the inquiries you may think expedi-  
 " ent. Be not afraid of any supposed un-  
 " willingness in me to abide the test of  
 " such inquiries."

" You talk," said Eynsbury, " I con-  
 " fess, in an open and manly strain. And,  
 " if I should make the inquiries, it cannot  
 " so well be said that I make them from  
 " any doubts I entertain, as from a sense  
 " of



“ of my duty to Lucy : in whose interests  
 “ I would not have it said, that I had  
 “ omitted any practicable method for ob-  
 “ taining every security. But I should  
 “ wish to hear from your own mouth the  
 “ things which I have only received  
 “ through the medium of others.” Ed-  
 ward gave him a minute and faithful nar-  
 rative. After which, Eynsbury said that  
 he should trouble Mr. Ambrook with a  
 little conversation upon the subject: add-  
 ing, “ If I *should* discover any thing which  
 “ should make me think it a duty to re-  
 “ sist the pretensions of the man who pre-  
 “ served my worthy benefactor, of the la-  
 “ bourer who has served me with such  
 “ zeal and entered so suitably into my  
 “ little domestic circle, and of the *physi-*  
 “ *cian* Edward, or (to speak seriously) of one  
 “ to whom we seem indebted for a large  
 “ share in the active restoration of our poor  
 “ lost girl, as she appeared to be; I should  
 “ then have a more cruel task to execute  
 “ than ever yet was laid upon me, ad-  
 vanced

“vanced as I am in life. But I fear it  
 “not.” “I thank you,” replied Edward.  
 “But,” rejoined Eynsbury, in haste, “all  
 “this goes on the supposition that the girl  
 “herself wishes the connexion.” “And  
 “all I wish,” answered Edward, “goes  
 “on the same supposition. It is her will-  
 “ing, not her reluctant, hand, that I  
 “would take.” They parted well satisfi-  
 ed with each other.

The inclinations of Lucy becoming  
 pretty evident, and that without the neces-  
 sity of searching for them through the ar-  
 tificial concealments of a disguise pretend-  
 ing to excessive modesty, her father was  
 anxious to satisfy his mind, that he was  
 neither doing wrong to Mr. Campley in  
 encouraging his son, nor to Lucy in ex-  
 posing her to any deception. He had al-  
 ready such evidence as would have satisfi-  
 ed most men, in cases where it favoured  
 their inclinations. He had the word of  
 Mr. Layton, in support of Edward's asser-  
 tion.

tion that he was the son of Mr. Campley; and, for the rest, he had the word of a man who had served him faithfully in the humble capacity of labourer for nearly two years, who either had really the assurance of *some* property from his father though he should marry Lucy, or else was willing for the sake of her to continue the labourer's life; and who, by his acquirements gradually opened to Eynsbury's view, had evidently received an education far superior to that of a common labourer, and which placed him at least on a level with Lucy in that respect.

But Eynsbury was a man who did not think the having pretty good evidence a sufficient excuse for not procuring better, if within his reach; when matters of such importance were in hand. He had a serious conversation with Mr. Ambrook on the subject, and a second with Edward. The result was, that they both should write to Mr. Campley; requesting his confirmation



confirmation of Edward's account. They wrote accordingly. "Who suspected," said Mr. Ambrook, in the conversation above-mentioned, "that, by my accident, and the humane and courageous assistance which relieved me from it, I was introducing a labourer to you, to Lucy a lover, to us all a friend?—For such he must ever be with me, till I discover him to be a deceiver." "How he would else have introduced himself," said Eynsbury, "I know not. He would have found it difficult to discover a stronger recommendation to the favour of all within my cottage, than the rescue he made." Mr. Ambrook received pleasure from this, with help of the very strong conviction which he had, that it was spoken in perfect sincerity. But both the hearer and the speaker felt themselves upon the verge of real or apparent flattery. They had more respect for each other, and greater nicety of feeling, than would suffer them

them to persist: and they were soon engaged in a different subject.

“I have several times,” said Mr. Am-  
brook, “intended to tell you the first time  
“I saw you (but have hitherto regularly  
“forgot) that I saw lately an advertise-  
“ment in a newspaper, which brought  
“you to my mind. Some persons, I be-  
“lieve, if seeing no greater prospect than  
“I do, of its affecting you, would have  
“suppressed the mention of it. But it is  
“a sort of principle with me, to give in  
“general the intelligence that occurs,  
“great or small; and leave the person  
“concerned to attend to it or not.” “In-  
“telligence, did you say?” demanded  
Eynsbury: “is there intelligence in an  
“advertisement likely—no, *not* likely you  
“seem to say, to affect me. But, pray,  
“what can there be, to put you in mind  
“of me?”

“If I were not talking to a philoso-  
“pher,”

“pher,” said Mr. Ambrook jestingly,  
 “I should be afraid of raising expecta-  
 “tions.” “Perhaps,” replied Eynsbury,  
 “you *will* raise them, if you do not come  
 “shortly to the point.” Mr. Ambrook  
 pursued. “Your mother’s name, I think,  
 “was not Glynn: because I seem to re-  
 “member pretty distinctly what her name  
 “was. But, have I not heard you men-  
 “tion some ancestor of the name of  
 “Glynn?” “It is possible,” answered  
 Eynsbury. “The advertisement I saw,”  
 said Mr. Ambrook, “inquired, I think,  
 “for an heir to some person of that name.  
 “But he had been dead so long, that I  
 “paid not much attention to it. Possibly  
 “I could find the paper that contains the  
 “advertisement. It was careless of me,  
 “indeed. I ought to have preserved it  
 “for you.”

“You are growing serious upon it,”  
 said Eynsbury: “you would not remain  
 “so a long time, if you were in our cot-  
 “tage



"tage when we bandy about the name of  
 "Glynn, in some of our frolicksome  
 "moods. It is almost the only species of  
 "frolick from which we have excluded  
 "Edward. And perhaps it is weakness  
 "in me—I don't know what it is—that  
 "has prevented me from mentioning it  
 "to you. There will, I think, be no  
 "harm in my mentioning it. For I know  
 "that, at my desire, you will confine it to  
 "your own breast." "You know my  
 "principle," said Mr. Ambrook: "man  
 "and wife are not one person, where the  
 "secret of a friend is concerned. Mrs.  
 "Ambrook and I are in perfect unison  
 "here; and, I believe, we are not less  
 "intimately *one*, in our affections, on this  
 "account. But this you have heard be-  
 "fore: whereas you are going to tell *me*  
 "something new, and I am silent!"

"We have a play at home," resumed  
 Eynsbury, "which we call *the Baronet*."  
 "It came on gradually. We would sup-  
 Vol. II. I "pose

“pose ourselves descended from Sir  
 “Pumpkin Pippin, baronet; but a young-  
 “er branch. Then we would be the eld-  
 “est branch, and retain the wealth and ti-  
 “tle of the family. Then we would be  
 “the eldest branch, but disinherited, and  
 “in our actual state of poverty. I attend-  
 “ed closely to the effect of all this upon  
 “Paul and Lucy: and thought I discern-  
 “ed much of that spirit of contempt, for  
 “the mere loss or defect of externals,  
 “with which I had laboured to inspire  
 “them. Having got thus far, I was an-  
 “xious to know what difference might  
 “arise, if they had any idea that such was  
 “our real descent. For I judged that, if  
 “they could retain the same impressions  
 “under the supposition of reality, as they  
 “felt in the fictitious case, I could no way  
 “better train them to what I wished. But  
 “I proceeded cautiously, and in the way of  
 “experiment; as was my practice through  
 “their childhood.”

“How?”

"How?" exclaimed Mr. Ambrook.  
 "Reality? What is this?" "In the end,"  
 resumed Eynsbury, "they had come to be  
 "informed that their grandfather's grand-  
 "father, Sir Eustace Glynn, baronet, dis-  
 "inherited his eldest son, Everard, and  
 "left the family estate to his second son,  
 "Archibald; that Sir Everard, after his  
 "father's death, declined the use of the  
 "title, and, as others change their names  
 "on acquiring a fortune, he changed his  
 "because he had lost one. He did not  
 "chuse to drag the name of Glynn  
 "through the dirt of poverty: but, think-  
 "ing that Eynsbury could not suffer dis-  
 "grace, he adopted it. Along with his  
 "title and name, he quitted his place of  
 "abode, removed to a great distance, liv-  
 "ed totally separated from the family of  
 "Glynn, and set himself to improve his  
 "scanty fortune."

"But are you serious?" Mr. Ambrook  
 asked. "It is not my business," answer-



ed Eynsbury, "to train you, Sir, as I have  
 "trained my children. I am strictly seri-  
 "ous, according to the best information  
 "that I have received from my father.  
 "And, although doubts did arise, about  
 "revealing the matter to my children, I  
 "determined, at length, to reveal it: tak-  
 "ing what appears the most natural  
 "course,—that of handing down to the  
 "next generation the plain state of facts.  
 "I see no reason, yet, to apprehend any  
 "bad consequence to either of my chil-  
 "dren. Mr. Ambrook, I know you would  
 "be delighted to see Lucy, when she puts  
 "on Miss Glynn, or (as first it was) Miss  
 "Pippin, the baronet's daughter." "That,  
 "I am sure, I should;" said Mr. Am-  
 brook. "You would see indeed," replied  
 Eynsbury, "what is not seen in a perfect  
 "actress, that she is all the time secretly  
 "making humour of the personage that she  
 "represents. In the present case, it may  
 "not be amiss." "But," said Mr. Am-  
 brook, "pray go on with your story."

Eynsbury

Eynsbury did so. "Everard Eynsbury  
 "gave to his son the plain name of Sa-  
 "muel. Samuel migrated afresh. And  
 "he had a son, to whom he gave the name  
 "of George : and whom, if the genealogy  
 "is rightly traced, you now, Sir, have be-  
 "fore your eyes. Everard and Samuel  
 "made some improvement in their pro-  
 "perty. So did George in his. A fire  
 "indeed made pretty free with it: but no  
 "great harm, you know, has come of that.  
 "And, with help of good friends, and  
 "good children, he is now again prosper-  
 "ing at as great a rate as a man who has  
 "moderation may look for. My father  
 "taught me this opinion, that the poor  
 "descendants of rich men, still more of  
 "titled persons, have a more difficult part  
 "to act, in the eye of the world, than  
 "those whose ancestors were in the same  
 "low station with themselves. On this  
 "account we have attempted to preserve  
 "the secret within the family. And, I  
 "believe, we have hitherto succeeded."

“ Paul,” said Mr. Ambrook, “ is the  
 “ precise man for keeping a secret faith-  
 “ fully: nor do I apprehend that Lucy  
 “ will be deficient.—But we must really  
 “ examine the advertisement.” “ That,”  
 answered Eynsbury, “ may be reserved, I  
 “ fancy, for another time. Let me enjoy  
 “ one more quiet night, before you fairly  
 “ set me upon dreaming about it. If  
 “ Lucy hears of our coming to an estate,  
 “ she will be frightened. A title would be  
 “ still worse. Unless indeed,” recollect-  
 ing himself, “ she should think it would  
 “ secure Edward. That is a new confi-  
 “ deration with Lucy:—and, as it deserves  
 “ to be, a very weighty one.” “ We  
 “ were used to call *you* her lover,” said  
 Mr. Ambrook. “ That is flattering to  
 “ an old man,” said Eynsbury: “ but I  
 “ must go to my family at home. Time  
 “ will come, I hope, that I shall get Lucy  
 “ out of your hands.” As they wished  
 each other a good night, Mr. Ambrook  
 said, “ Pray, do you know how long Sir  
 “ Eustace



"Eustace has been dead?" "I believe,"  
replied Eynsbury, "it might be ascertain-  
ed to be within sixty years. I think so.  
"In our family, marriage seems but fel-  
dom to have been delayed much beyond  
"the age of twenty-one."

C H A P. XXVI.

IN a short time, the following letter was received by Mr. Ambrook.

“ My dear Sir,

“ My son is a boy: and acts like a boy.  
“ But his veracity stands, as it always has  
“ stood, unimpeached. For he is of the  
“ family of Campley. When he talked  
“ to me concerning his wild project,  
“ (which you, Sir, cannot possibly ap-  
“ prove, though you have not thought  
“ proper to express any disapprobation,)  
“ I avoided all general threats of disinhe-  
“ riting. I was of opinion, he would be  
“ more thoroughly persuaded that I was  
“ in earnest, if my threats shewed more  
“ moderation

“ moderation and more reflexion. He  
 “ has disappointed me. But my word is  
 “ passed :—and my name is Campley.  
 “ He will have the pittance of property  
 “ which he has told you of. When here-  
 “ after he repents, on seeing his younger  
 “ brother the affluent possessor of Beech-  
 “ wood hall, and finding himself beset  
 “ with a numerous family, who perhaps  
 “ must labour for bread, his repentance  
 “ will come too late. I wish he was  
 “ elsewhere at present. For I meant  
 “ to ask my old friends at Edington,  
 “ whether it would suit their conveni-  
 “ ence to receive a visit from me in the  
 “ course of a few weeks: when I should  
 “ propose introducing to them the son  
 “ who is to be my heir,—certainly so, if  
 “ Edward should persist in his imprudent  
 “ and boyish imaginations. The distress  
 “ which Edward’s situation may occasion  
 “ to my worthy friend Mr. Ambrook,  
 “ when he is receiving at his house the



“ father and brother of so imprudent a  
“ young man, is painful to me.

Beechwood Hall;  
6th of January.

“ I am, &c.

“ JOHN CAMPLEY.”

It was painful also to Mr. Ambrook, to reflect, that so deserving a young man as Edward should be exposed to the difficulties implied in the last part of his father's letter, by a pursuit which, from its object and the manner in which it had been conducted, did him, in Mr. Ambrook's eyes, so much credit,

Mr. Ambrook did not delay to communicate Mr. Campley's letter to Eynsbury: who now saw no further inquiries to be made. Edward was assured of as much property as Eynsbury, in his reduced state, could expect in a husband for Lucy. And his character and attainments were highly valued by Eynsbury: who had therefore

therefore the satisfaction of resting the matter upon Lucy's affections. If those should appear to be steadily fixed, so as to promise a continuance through the trials of the married state, the point seemed to be decided.

He could, indeed, indulge a fancy, that, if Mr. Campley could be brought to know, by his own personal acquaintance, the merits of *his* Lucy, they must prevail. But Eynsbury had a pretty accurate knowledge of mankind. And, from a reverie in which his Lucy's charms appeared capable of removing all obstacles in all minds, he would awake to the sober reflexions, that every merit and every charm may shine in vain before the prejudiced eye, that the ideas of family and fortune are capable of superinducing the thickest film of prejudice, and that, even against the highest possible merit, allowed and confessed, those considerations will

stand, with many persons, as insuperable objections to a connexion of marriage.

He laid these ruminations openly before Mr. Ambrook : who said, “ No ;  
 “ not Lucy of the cottage. Bring not  
 “ her before Mr. Campley, to try the ex-  
 “ periment of conviction. He is a man  
 “ of fair character ; and, I believe, de-  
 “ servedly so, according to the common  
 “ and coarse estimation of character.  
 “ But, I fear, he is not the man who  
 “ would find a strong relish for the pe-  
 “ culiar excellencies of your Lucy ; and  
 “ would perhaps find no relish at all for  
 “ them, under his present prejudices.—  
 “ No. Pursue your estate and title.  
 “ Bring Miss Glynn, or Miss Eynsbury,  
 “ the baronet’s daughter, before him.—  
 “ And, yet, he appears a man of some re-  
 “ solution. If he should fancy any point  
 “ of honour in continuing to reject her,  
 “ the attempt may be too late. But, at  
 “ all



"all events, you must indeed give your  
 "family the chance, however small, of  
 "gaining a situation in life to which, I  
 "am convinced, they would do honour:—  
 "as they have done to that station which  
 "we are too apt to think incapable of  
 "honour.—Here, Eynsbury, is the adver-  
 "tisement. I am sure that, if yourself  
 "were but out of the question, you would  
 "determine at once to make even this  
 "attempt for their elevation, though not  
 "promising much success."

These words had weight with Eynsbury.  
 They two examined the advertisement to-  
 gether. And the result was, that he should  
 write a letter pursuant to the address  
 given, and state such pedigree as he was  
 able to ascertain. An answer arrived,  
 such as encouraged him to procure cer-  
 tificates from the registers of the parishes  
 in which his ancestors and himself had  
 been born. And these he transmitted to  
 the same address as the letter first written;  
 along

along with such other evidences, and references to places and persons for further inquiry, as he could recollect, or Mr. Ambrook suggest. Villainy (if villainy there was, which seemed most probable) had had its reign: and Eynsbury had now to deal with honest men. In a few weeks he received the following letter.

“ Sir,

“ It is painful to cast suspicions upon  
 “ one’s ancestors. I intreat your candour  
 “ in accounting for the facts I am about  
 “ to mention. My grandfather was one  
 “ of the executors of Sir Eustace Glynn:  
 “ From my grandfather’s time, and fur-  
 “ ther back, there has been a largish  
 “ box of manuscripts, illegible to us all  
 “ or nearly so, which yet no one has been  
 “ hardy enough to destroy, although they  
 “ are supposed useless since the time of  
 “ the writer, a remote ancestor of ours:  
 “ Every one, within my memory, who  
 “ has

" has looked into the box, has contented  
 " himself with a few leaves at the top,  
 " and shewn a satisfaction in getting them.  
 " again resigned to the *chaos*, as we have  
 " termed it. Lately, however, there has  
 " been discovered, in this box, a will of  
 " Sir Eustace, bearing a latter date than  
 " the one under which his second son  
 " took possession of the family estate.  
 " It was a distressing thing to me, to take  
 " any step towards disturbing the present  
 " possessor. Yet, as the disinheriting of  
 " the eldest son had been matter of noto-  
 " riety, and I had heard so much of the  
 " circumstances as to be convinced that  
 " the date of the will newly found was  
 " posterior to the other, I thought it a  
 " duty strictly incumbent upon me, to  
 " take some active measure. For the will  
 " appears regular in point of form, and  
 " the execution of it is regularly attested.  
 " The most desirable thing seemed to be,  
 " to obtain, if possible, the concurrence  
 " of the present possessor, in any necessary  
 " inquiry.



" inquiry. The sacrifice in him was cer-  
 " tainly very great : but he said that the  
 " path of honesty was plain before him,  
 " and that he had no choice to perplex  
 " him. In consequence, the advertise-  
 " ment was made public which you no-  
 " ticed. And, from the evidence you  
 " have laid before us, we have no doubt  
 " that you are the true heir to Sir Eustace.  
 " And Mr. Glynn is determined to set  
 " the world an example of restoring to a  
 " man his undoubted right, without wait-  
 " ing the decision of the law, for the  
 " chance of lighting upon a jury who  
 " might err in their decision. Sir, you  
 " are a stranger to me : but, if you have  
 " the sense which I will suppose of Mr.  
 " Glynn's conduct, you will be happy to  
 " hear that he has a separate estate which  
 " will preserve him in a moderate degree  
 " of affluence.

" I am, &c.

27th of Jan.

" WILLIAM DINSWORTH."

The

The last sentence of the letter gave a great relief to Eynsbury's mind. Before he came to that, it was impossible for him to enjoy the prospect of the elevation of his family, without a considerable mixture of pain on account of the generous Glynn. Indeed, the prospect of elevation was not to him what it is to many. He had greatly subdued the evils of poverty, and extracted from the humblest flowers the purest honey. His family, too, he knew to be at present both virtuous and happy. That they would be either of the two, after such an elevation, was more than he was able to foresee. Whether it be in the nature of man, to have such a prospect opening upon him and receive no pleasure at all from it, we leave to the decision of the reader.

It was the conjecture of Mr. Ambrook and Eynsbury, that Dinsworth's grandfather was one of those imperfectly dishonest men,

men, who, having engaged in a scheme of villainy, have neither the hardiness to go through with it, nor the laudable courage to retreat and openly abandon the enterprize. They thought it probable that the person or persons joined with him in the executorship had intrusted him with the destruction of the true will; but that, perhaps, when his hand was stretched out to commit it to the flames, it had been forcibly drawn back by some internal spring: which might yet be too weak to make him brave his partners in iniquity, and, under their eye, return to the path of virtue. But these conjectures they gladly quitted; to dwell upon the merits of Glynn and Dinsworth: whose conduct could no where have met with more strong and distinct approbation than in these two persons, to whom it was a feast to contemplate upon it in concert.

“Sir George,” said Mr. Ambrook,  
 “I give you joy most cordially of this  
 “event.”



"event." "I accept the joy with equal  
 "cordiality," returned Eynsbury: "but  
 "the title I intreat you to omit at pre-  
 "sent. Should I induce myself, at any fu-  
 "ture time, to make use of it, I know not  
 "what previous forms or ceremonies may  
 "be necessary. Continue, if you please,  
 "for the present, your usual style of ad-  
 "dressing me." Mr. Ambrook perceiv-  
 ed that he was in earnest, and complied.  
 "As to the name of Eynsbury," resumed  
 he, "I own I feel inclined to conti-  
 "nue it. But let my wife and children  
 "determine. It is not one of the points  
 "of which I feel tenacious.—Yet, I love  
 "the name." "Consult your wife," said  
 Mr. Ambrook. "I don't know how I  
 "shall open the news to them," said  
 Eynsbury.

He collected his family, and said;  
 "Mary, we have seen these children  
 "stand one trial of fortune, and they have  
 "not put us to the blush. Do you think  
 "they

“they can stand another?” Mary appeared disturbed. “I would not give you pain,” said he: “but, you know, it is thought necessary sometimes to open cautiously a great reverse of fortune; and, I believe, with good reason.” “Our limbs are sound, yet,” said Paul: “and we know very well what it is to have no other property than the use of them. If your news be only of that sort, we are ready for it, I imagine, without further preface.” Eynsbury observed that Lucy appeared a little tremulous. Her mind, though it had recovered its consistency and rationality, had not perhaps regained intirely its strength.

“We are in a serious mood,” said Eynsbury: “let us go to our play of the Baronet.” “We will, if you desire it,” said Lucy: “but I wonder what you have got to tell us.” Eynsbury was disconcerted. He had attempted a serious beginning, and a sportive one. Neither of  
of

of them succeeded. "If," said he, "you  
 "had all been ruined, I could have inform-  
 "ed you with less difficulty." "We are  
 "not ruined, then," said Paul; "are we?"  
 "Only by too much good fortune," said  
 Eynsbury. "Have you found another  
 "rich purse?" said Paul; alluding to the  
 liberal benefaction of Mr. Ambrook about  
 two years ago. "Too rich, this time, I  
 "fear," said Eynsbury: "we shall see now  
 "what ballast we carry."

Having got this hold, he proceeded calmly  
 to inform them of the change in their cir-  
 cumstances and station. And he thought he  
 perceived, that the playfulness with which  
 they had been accustomed to treat the  
 ideas of wealth and rank had a happy ef-  
 fect on this occasion. "So now," said  
 Lucy, "it seems we are to play at our  
 "old play before company. I had got  
 "to do it easily enough amongst ourselves.  
 "But, if we do it before company, I shall  
 "think it is only for them to laugh at;  
 "and



"and I shall be apt to laugh myself."  
 "I shall sit in a corner and watch you,  
 "Lucy;" said Paul. "We shall all,"  
 observed the father, "want some serious  
 "teaching." "And who," said Mary,  
 "is to teach us?" "For these lesser  
 "matters," answered Eynsbury, "I hope  
 "we shall find some kind instructors: but,  
 "to preserve our minds from being ruined  
 "by the improvement in our fortunes,  
 "will be a very serious task for ourselves."  
 They continued in conversation upon the  
 subject, partly serious, partly playful, for  
 a considerable time. And Eynsbury had  
 the satisfaction to observe, for the most  
 part, such impressions as he had wished  
 for.

## C H A P. XXVII.

It appeared now proper to inform Edward of this revolution, and to give Mr. Ambrook permission to inform Mrs. Ambrook and Mr. and Miss Layton. After which, there seemed no occasion to conceal it from the public. Lucy had received the sanction of her parents, to give herself to Edward; if her affection for him was free from hesitation. But, when it came thus to rest intirely upon herself, she felt a greater diffidence than she had done before. And the being so young, as it afforded a reason for delay, increased her diffidence.

“ You will lose Edward,” said Paul,  
“ if

“ if you do not give him some assurance  
 “ before he knows the change in your  
 “ fortune.” This roused Lucy. “ He  
 “ must be dismissed as a labourer,” con-  
 tinued Paul; “ and he will take that as a  
 “ general dismissal.” “ You want to  
 “ frighten me,” said Lucy. “ If I fright-  
 “ en you to your own good,” replied he,  
 “ it will be very well.” “ Who knows,”  
 said she, “ what different notions his fa-  
 “ ther may now take up?” “ Do not,”  
 replied Paul, “ trust too much to that.  
 “ The father may think his honour con-  
 “ cerned to abide by his word, and reject,  
 “ at all risks, a young woman who has  
 “ been educated in so low a station. Say  
 “ no more. But do you inform my friend  
 “ Edward of your new fortune, and ho-  
 “ nourably assure him it shall make no  
 “ difference in your regard for him. Then  
 “ there is an end of the matter.” “ And  
 “ this is your advice?” said she:—“ let  
 “ me consult my pillow upon it, and see  
 “ what



“ what courage I have in the morning.”

“ That’s right,” replied Paul.

Next morning Edward said; “ Lucy, I  
 “ think, our affairs sleep a little. You  
 “ know my father is coming to Mr. Am-  
 “ brook’s. I have been thinking that if  
 “ you would give me leave to say to him  
 “ that I am accepted, it might preclude a  
 “ great deal of disagreeable conversation.  
 “ He would then consider me in the true  
 “ light, of a person engaged; and, I believe,  
 “ would abstain from soliciting me on the  
 “ subject. He has already, you know,  
 “ left me to myself, on the easy condition  
 “ of exchanging the family estate for a  
 “ sufficiency in the way of life to which I  
 “ am now reconciled. Yet, if he found  
 “ any thing of uncertainty remaining, it  
 “ might tempt him to renew some con-  
 “ versation with me on the subject:  
 “ which, I confess, would be very irk-  
 “ some to me, free as I am from every

“degree of hesitation in my own mind.  
 “You never knew what it was, to have  
 “altercation with a father.” “I hope,”  
 said she, “I never shall.”

She went on, with a smile. “Paul  
 “tells me I ought to give you assurance,  
 “that it will make no difference in me,  
 “with respect to you, if my fortune meets  
 “with an amendment.” “On that con-  
 “dition,” said Edward, “be the amend-  
 “ment as early and as great as you  
 “please!” Lucy, with a quick motion,  
 said; “Can you have heard any thing?”  
 “I can tell by your looks, Lucy,” an-  
 swered he, “that there is something for  
 “me to hear. What is it?” “You’ll  
 “not believe me,” said she. “Then I  
 “will promise you to believe nobody,”  
 replied he; “and, I think, that is as much  
 “as a reasonable person can expect.” “I  
 “am glad,” said she, “if I am a reason-  
 “able person now,” (Edward was afraid  
 he had recalled her to the late situation of  
 her

her intellect;) "for my father seems to  
 "fear I may not be so a long time." Edward  
 could make nothing of this.

She then found herself able to proceed  
 in opening to him the new situation of her  
 family. As soon as he saw into the busi-  
 ness, he gazed upon her, and upon the  
 ground; he knitted his brows; he was  
 perpetually in motion; he held his breath  
 unawares, then suffered it to depart in a  
 sigh. In short, he received the intelli-  
 gence in such a manner as alternately dis-  
 spirited Lucy, and spurred her on to express  
 the generosity of her heart. She asked,  
 "What will your father say to all this,  
 "think you?" "I wish he had known  
 "two years ago," was his answer: and  
 his countenance became pensive and de-  
 jected. This put to flight much of Lucy's  
 diffidence. She held out her hand, look-  
 ing a little down, and said in a timid tone,  
 "What I may have, I'll share it with you,  
 "Edward; if that will content you."



He seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips : but he felt himself, in a degree, humbled. What liberal mind could have felt otherwise ? But this feeling gradually gave way to one of a more pleasing sort ; an admiration of her delicate generosity, which, at the very time of communicating to him her elevation, gave him assurances that prevented probably some very anxious moments, and precluded all doubt about his own conduct. Had he beheld her elevated far above his present condition, and yet feared that his father, from some sort of principle of honour, would not depart from his resolution, he must have suffered keenly while that situation continued ; and, from a generous despair, tinged perhaps with pride, might have taken some hasty resolution fatal to his own happiness and Lucy's, or, at least, putting it off to a great distance, and strewing that distance with briars and thorns.

Paul's

Paul's advice to Lucy, of the preceding evening, had a good effect. And he who had beheld and heard her in the conversation with Edward, and could have accused her of any thing repugnant to the purest modesty, must entertain opinions which seem to have no good tendency. At the same time they shew this bad one: the danger of leading the sex to assume externally some fancied modesty without an internal reality to support it, of thereby training them to habits of hypocrisy and dissimulation, and giving that coarseness to their feelings which will much injure the genuine modesty of the sex,—its pride and ornament.

Edward and Lucy separately informed Eynsbury of the substance of this conversation. And Edward was now upon that footing with Mr. Ambrook, that he could with propriety and pleasure inform him likewise. He spoke in the highest terms of Lucy's generosity. "And," said he,

“ if my father mentions the subject to  
 “ you, as he probably will, I can beg of  
 “ you to tell him that the affair is settled,  
 “ and to inform him that it is at my re-  
 “ quest that you do so. If my father  
 “ should wish for any conversation upon  
 “ the subject, I am perfectly ready to com-  
 “ ply. But, being persuaded that it would  
 “ be disagreeable to himself as well as to  
 “ me, I take the liberty of asking you,  
 “ Sir, to give him the necessary infor-  
 “ mation.”

Mr. Ambrook accepted the office ; and  
 begged permission to acquaint Mrs. Am-  
 brook with the news of Lucy's generous  
 proceeding. Edward freely consented ;  
 and undertook, in the mean time, to ac-  
 quaint Layton, and permit him to convey  
 the intelligence to his sister. Edward went,  
 accordingly, to Layton : who was already  
 made acquainted with the change of cir-  
 cumstances in the Eynsbury family. “ Won-  
 “ derful news !” said he, the moment he  
 saw



saw Edward: "you have now a different story to tell your father; and all will be right." Edward expressed his doubt by a motion of the head: but it conveyed nothing sorrowful to Layton's apprehension. The countenance was bright under it: the eyes expressed a lively and eager pleasure. "She is my own," said he; "and, though my father should persist, and even her new fortune, ere it reach her, sink to the center of the earth, I am satisfied."

Edward was not weary with relating the account to Eynsbury and Mr. Ambrook separately. With fresh alacrity, he entered upon it a third time. In the midst of it, he was struck with the recollection that Layton had been a sort of rival: and this lowered his tone a little, though unintentionally. Layton, in some solitary and unnerved moments, was capable of feeling a destitution in the loss of Lucy,—if *loss* be not too strong an appellation: but, in

the present moment, he was all sympathy  
 with his friend. "A sudden thought has  
 "struck me," said he. "It is determin-  
 "ed, you know, to take no further trou-  
 "ble of concealment with regard to the  
 "accession of fortune, although the title  
 "remains awhile under consideration.  
 "Lucy may therefore now appear in a  
 "manner suitable to her future condition.  
 "To-morrow your father comes: and to-  
 "morrow (the 31st of January) Lucy  
 "adds an unit to the number of her years.  
 "The found of entering her nineteenth  
 "year is a very respectable one. She is  
 "still in this house: as we have contrived  
 "to keep her from you ever since her ill-  
 "ness; by way of complete recovery, you  
 "know. But this by the bye. Let her  
 "condescend to use some apparel of my  
 "sister's; who is nearly of her size and  
 "figure: and let her appear, on your fa-  
 "ther's arrival, so that he shall be thrown  
 "into her company before he knows who  
 "she is. *Miss Eynsbury* will pass very  
 "smooth:

“smooth: for, by your account, he  
 “scarcely retains even the name of *Lucy*,  
 “and probably has never troubled himself  
 “about that of *Eynsbury*.

“Will this answer, think you?” said  
 Edward. “I cannot tell,” said Layton:  
 “but I see no harm in the attempt. We  
 “will put it to my sister. Or, if you like,  
 “you may consult Mr. and Mrs. Am-  
 “brook.” The proposed attempt was  
 voted unanimously in that house, till it  
 came to Lucy: and she yielded to the  
 respectable authorities which recom-  
 mended it; but upon condition that her  
 father and mother had no objection to it,  
 Mr. and Miss Layton repaired imme-  
 diately to the cottage. Edward went al-  
 so; but rather as an attendant upon them.  
 After some little hesitation, interrogation,  
 and debate, the point was carried: and  
 Miss Layton and Lucy were presently in-  
 volved in experiments and prepara-  
 tions.



Next day Mr. Campley arrived, according to expectation. He was ushered into the drawing-room ; where the three ladies were seated, just before dinner. Mr. Campley had some previous acquaintance with Miss Layton, and Miss Eynsbury was introduced to him. He had already sent word that his son Thomas was prevented by particular business from accompanying him, as had been intended. So that there was no surprise on account of his not appearing. Nothing very particular passed in the conversation here, nor during dinner. Lucy felt a degree of awkward timidity, at first. From which one could scarcely suppose her to be perfectly free, had Mr. Campley been an indifferent person : and it might naturally be increased from the circumstances attending her appearance before him.

On the other hand, the great desire which she had, of contributing whatever might be in her power towards the restoration of  
Edward

Edward to his natural connexion with his father, roused her to such extraordinary attention and command over her fears, that, after the first quarter of an hour, she acquitted herself highly to the satisfaction of the spectators who interested themselves so deeply in her conduct and success. It should be recollected, that, before the accident which reduced the family, though considerably inferior in rank to Mr. Ambrook, they were in a station which enabled them to appear at his table. And the intimacy between the two families was such, that the appearing in Mr. Ambrook's house was familiar to Lucy when a child. The connexion also, even since that accident, had been kept up as much as the change of circumstances could possibly allow. And, if it be remembered also, that the Eynsbury family were remarkable for a real unaffected politeness superior to what is usual in the highest station they had hitherto known; we may conclude, that no extravagant surprise would be created by

Lucy's being able to acquit herself on the present occasion so satisfactorily as she did.

When the ladies had retired after dinner, Mr. Campley asked, "Pray, who is that Miss Eynsbury?" "A young lady," answered Mr. Ambrook, coolly, "upon a visit at my house." "She seems really a pretty kind of girl," replied Mr. Campley. "She is very agreeable," said Layton, in an easy manner; conscious, at the same time, that the slightness of his compliment, although truth, went nearly to belie his feelings. But it was necessary to avoid extremes: lest any suspicion should arise in the mind of Mr. Campley.

After a while, they recurred to the subject of Lucy. "Upon my word," said Mr. Campley, "since this perverse and degrading whim has taken my son, (for I understand, Mr. Layton, that you know something



“ something of the circumstances,) I fel-  
 “ dom see a young woman of education,  
 “ who is tolerably agreeable and accom-  
 “ plished, but it brings Edward to my  
 “ mind. Why should he insist upon run-  
 “ ning after a poor beggarly girl, (though  
 “ she may have good qualities, for a life of  
 “ labour,) when there are so many suit-  
 “ able objects out of which he might se-  
 “ lect, if he would not seclude himself  
 “ from the world and determine to injure  
 “ his interests?—Now this girl here—I  
 “ suppose she has fortune, by her appear-  
 “ ance, and the marks of education.” “ I  
 “ believe,” said Mr. Ambrook, “ that her  
 “ fortune will not be defective.” “ You  
 “ know her father probably,” said Mr.  
 Campley. “ Yes,” answered Mr. Am-  
 brook; “ he is a neighbouring gentleman.”

This answer Mr. Ambrook gave with  
 a secret delight; and also with great sin-  
 cerity. For Eynsbury now had fortune  
 and rank: and Mr. Ambrook had always

found in him the essential manners of a gentleman. "But," pursued Mr. Camp-  
 ley, "Edward, while he has been in this  
 "village, has had no opportunity of see-  
 "ing this girl, or any like her." "Ex-  
 "cuse me, Sir," said Layton; "my sis-  
 "ter, who is as far like Miss Eynsbury as  
 "your meaning, I imagine, extends, al-  
 "ways expresses a satisfaction in the so-  
 "ciety of your son." "Society, Sir?"  
 cried Mr. Campley; "does Miss Layton  
 "make society of a labouring man?"  
 "Of such a labouring man," returned  
 Layton, "as Mr. Edward Campley."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Ambrook, "you  
 "may not be aware, that I frequently have  
 "the pleasure of your son's company in  
 "this house." "It is to be hoped," an-  
 swered Mr. Campley, "you take care  
 "who it is you ask to meet him. It is  
 "not every gentleman, nor every lady,  
 "who would thank you for inviting them  
 "to meet such company." "You will  
 "please

" please to observe, Sir," replied Mr.  
 Ambrook, " here are at least one gentle-  
 " man and one lady, who are not ashamed  
 " ed to speak honourably of his society."  
 " There is no accounting for particulari-  
 " ties," returned Mr. Campley: " but I  
 " scarcely suppose that Miss Eynsbury,  
 " now, would have thanked you for letting  
 " Edward appear at dinner to-day."  
 " Miss Eynsbury," said Mr. Ambrook,  
 " would run a risk of forfeiting my good  
 " opinion, if she were ashamed of meet-  
 " ing him ;—of meeting a man possessed  
 " of his good qualities, however mean the  
 " dress which he might wear through  
 " necessity, or from any sufficient reason."

" But Edward," said Mr. Campley,  
 " has never been in Miss Eynsbury's  
 " company, I suppose." " Yes, I as-  
 " sure you, he has ;" answered Mr. Am-  
 brook: " I am upon that free footing  
 " with Miss Eynsbury, that I have no  
 " scruple of asking so accomplished a  
 " young



"young man as he is, when I have the  
 "pleasure of her company." "The ac-  
 "complished Edward!" exclaimed Mr.  
 Campley. "He has acquired the ac-  
 "complishments of handling a plough  
 "and a flail." Mr. Ambrook replied  
 with a degree of indignation; "Sir,  
 "you are his father, and must say of him  
 "what you think proper."

## C H A P. XXVIII.

THIS conversation appeared to have some small tendency to favour the projected attempt of gaining Mr. Campley. When the ladies received again the society of the gentlemen, Mr. Ambrook and Mr. Layton took some pains, in a prudent way, to draw on Lucy to let something more of her manner and character appear. Indeed Mrs. Ambrook and Miss Layton took opportunities of doing the same. But strong caution had been given, lest any of the party, and yet more, all jointly, should produce a bad effect by overstepping the bounds of discretion.

Lucy had practised music. But her harpsichord was reduced to ashes in the fire

fire which destroyed the house. Since that time, both leisure and money had been wanting: which had defeated the improvement of her musical powers, in great measure. However, she had been content, in her cottage, to sing a few simple songs without accompaniment: and they had been acceptable to her audience. Mr. Ambrook knew that Mr. Campley was not so accustomed to music, as to despise every thing but what was strictly proper for production in a party absolutely musical: and believed that he might find a pleasure, and even not be ashamed to confess it, in such a performance as Lucy was qualified to give him.

From some slight mention which was made of music, it gradually came about that Lucy should try her voice in a song. Mr. Campley paid attention; partly, perhaps, from pleasure, and partly from politeness. However, in the course of the  
 song,



song, he grew more attentive, rather than less. And, having talked to her awhile, he asked her, with some familiarity, whether she would favour the company with a hunting song. Lucy was obliged to decline this. No hunting song was in her list of music. He then begged any other kind. The first air was of a serious cast: her feelings being so at the moment. She now took the hint, to give what seemed more likely to suit the feelings of Mr. Campley. It succeeded.

Impressed with the conversation which passed after dinner, Mr. Campley lamented that Edward had not attached himself to Miss Eynsbury, in preference to a poor girl in the village. And this had continued to draw his attention to her. He conversed with her more than was usual for him to converse with so young persons, especially of that sex. The company noticed it with satisfaction.

Next

Next morning, Mr. Campley said to Mr. Ambrook, when they were alone, " Upon my word, this is a fine girl, who " is in your house at present. I could not " avoid observing her, with the impres- " sion of Edward's absurdity upon my " mind; who seems to make poverty a " requisite in his establishment. Pray, " what age is she?" " You did not know, " Sir," answered Mr. Ambrook, " that " you were yesterday celebrating her birth- " day. Yesterday she entered the nine- " teenth year of her age." Mr. Campley asked, " Who is her father?" " A gen- " tleman," said Mr. Ambrook, " in this " village." " In the village, do you say?" returned Mr. Campley: " I do not recol- " lect the name; nor did I imagine there " was a gentleman's seat in the village, be- " sides your own."

" His house," said Mr. Ambrook, " is " not too distant for a walk. And a " walk may be agreeable to you. Per- " haps

"haps you would have no objection to  
 "our making a call." "O, it matters  
 "not;" replied Mr. Campley, as if he had  
 shewn too great earnestness about the girl:  
 "I am a perfect stranger to Mr. Eyns-  
 "bury; and I do not suppose you imagine  
 "there is any chance of Miss Eynsbury's  
 "attaching my son to her." "I cannot,  
 "by any means," returned Mr. Ambrook,  
 "look upon that as impossible." "Do  
 "you say so?" said Mr. Campley. "I  
 "assure you," he replied, "I am in earn-  
 "est." "What do you think, then?"  
 asked Mr. Campley: "shall we call? Will  
 "you introduce me?—But, hold. I be-  
 "lieve, my son had rather manage his  
 "love-affairs without my interference. I  
 "shall only do harm." "Your son, Sir,"  
 returned Mr. Ambrook, "speaks with  
 "great respect of his father: and laments  
 "bitterly, that he cannot have your ap-  
 "probation in favour of a young woman,  
 "who, I must say, Sir, has long had every  
 "merit



"merit except fortune ; and now——now,  
 " Sir, she has that."

" You are jesting with me, Mr. Ambrook," said he. " I speak the truth," replied Mr. Ambrook ; " and I will add  
 " one thing more. That young woman  
 " is the very Miss Eynsbury, of whom  
 " you appear half enamoured yourself."  
 " It cannot be, Sir ;" said Mr. Campley :  
 " my son would never have suffered me to  
 " remain in ignorance of such qualifica-  
 " tions as she is possessed of." Here Mr.  
 Campley betrayed a treacherous memory,  
 or else deceived himself. For Edward had  
 really represented to him the qualifications  
 of Lucy, as they were. But he had also  
 faithfully represented these qualifications as  
 accompanied with homely apparel, and  
 exercised in an humble circle and mean  
 habitation. Mr. Campley, having always  
 figured them, in his mind, as attended  
 with these circumstances, did not recog-  
 nize them as the same, when he beheld  
 them

them brought to light in circumstances so much more favourable.

Mr. Ambrook's reply was, " I understood that your son had described her qualifications to you faithfully, according to the best of his power. And, as to her fortune, it was but ascertained two days before your arrival." Mr. Campley asked the particulars: and received as much of them, in answer, as could be conveyed without entering upon the affair of the title. He appeared greatly perplexed. " Mr. Ambrook," said he, " I find myself very awkwardly situated. My perverse and absurd boy has drawn me into a difficulty. I have not, indeed, actually bound my honour, to withhold my consent from this Lucy who is become Miss Eynsbury: but, after what I have declared on the occasion, I should make but a sorry figure amongst my friends, were I now to admit into my family a girl educated originally

“ginally in an obscure station, and habi-  
 “tuated since to offices absolutely servile:  
 “—stains which, I fear, mere fortune can-  
 “not wipe away. And, if her extraction  
 “be good, as you seem to apprehend, yet  
 “the evidence is so remote, that this point  
 “will possibly always appear to the world  
 “as equivocal.” He went on for some  
 time: and did not always make himself  
 clearly understood.

He appeared to Mr. Ambrook to be  
 in the situation of a man who, having a ge-  
 neral indeterminate consciousness of being  
 some way or other in the wrong, is un-  
 willing to fix his thoughts steadily upon  
 particulars; and, having real or apparent  
 cause to blame some other person con-  
 cerned, flies in a desultory manner from  
 one point to another, and strings together  
 heterogeneous reasons, as they arise acci-  
 dentally from a confused accumulation in  
 his mind. Mr. Ambrook saw nothing  
 better for the present, than to drop the  
 subject



subject and leave Mr. Campley to his reflexions.

Mr. Campley having letters to write, Mr. Ambrook seized the opportunity of having a conference with Edward. "I have," said he, "ventured to defer a little the commission you gave me, of informing Mr. Campley that the affair between you and Lucy is perfectly settled." Layton had already told Edward of the attention which Mr. Campley paid to Lucy the preceding day, and what he said about her. Mr. Ambrook now informed him of the conversation of this morning: and concluded with giving his opinion, that it was dangerous to press Mr. Campley to a consent in the present view of things. Should he refuse it now, it might occasion his refusing ultimately, through the idea of an honourable consistency, even after Lucy's rank should have been brought to light. Whereas, appearing at present to be in a wavering state

of mind, he might yield to the force of the united arguments ; which, if urged separately, might fail of their effect.

Mr. Ambrook, therefore, advised that Eynsbury, for the sake of his Lucy and her Edward, if for no other reason, should immediately proceed to assume regularly his title.

Edward expressed his warmest gratitude for Mr. Ambrook's close attention to these minute yet important particulars : and said, he would immediately consult Lucy and the family at the cottage ; intreating also Mr. Ambrook, if he could find leisure, to consult Mrs. Ambrook and Mr. and Miss Layton. Lucy wished to be guided by her father's opinion, after he should have heard those of the rest. The rest coincided with Mr. Ambrook, or were secretly swayed by the high estimation in which they held his judgment. Eynsbury felt a reluctance. But, reflecting

ing maturely on the possible consequence to Edward and Lucy, and perhaps (for even Eynsbury was but a man) prompted more than he was aware by a desire to assume distinction in the world, he thus far gave his consent: that Mr. Campley should be informed of the whole matter; but on condition of further deliberation being permitted to Eynsbury and his family, whether they should assume or decline the rank which a baronet's title would confer.

All wished that Mr. Ambrook would undertake a second conference with Mr. Campley. He did so, next morning. On the first mention of the new intelligence, Mr. Campley exclaimed, "Title, do you  
 " say? I understood nothing of this be-  
 " fore.—Rash boy! What difficulties to  
 " throw upon an indulgent father!" But, while he made sorrowful exclamations, Mr. Ambrook's eye, and his ear too, could perceive that his countenance cleared up, and his features arranged themselves differently.



rently. But he went on. "If I consent  
 "to restore Edward, and admit Sir  
 "George's daughter into my family, the  
 "world will (though not with strict truth)  
 "lay inconsistency to my charge: if I re-  
 "fuse, the world will accuse me of cruelty,  
 "not only to my son Edward, but to my  
 "whole family, in rejecting an alliance so  
 "creditable.—Rash boy!—But thou wast  
 "always an honourable boy; and wilt  
 "preserve the name of Campley unsul-  
 "lied, if I can but restore thee consist-  
 "ently with mine own honour. I had  
 "not, Mr. Ambrook, I confess, the same  
 "perfect reliance on my second son Tho-  
 "mas." And thus he went on: alter-  
 nately expressing a distress in his words  
 to which he could not make his counte-  
 nance accord, and alleging various reasons  
 to justify him in admitting the baronet's  
 daughter to be his own daughter-in-law.  
 Mr. Ambrook could read the man: for  
 he was well read in human nature.

"But

“ But what possible objection,” said Mr. Campley, “ can Sir George have to the use of his title?” “ You forget, Sir,” said Mr. Ambrook, “ that we are under strict promise not to give him that appellation at present.” “ Well, well;” said Mr. Campley. “ I do not, indeed, myself,” resumed Mr. Ambrook, “ perceive any thing which should prevent Eynsbury from assuming the title he can claim; except a reluctance in his own feelings. And, if he should find that reluctance too strong to be conquered with comfort to himself, you may at least reflect that probably, in no great number of years, Sir Paul will be the head of the family: and that, even in the mean time, the world will be sufficiently aware what is Mrs. Edward Campley’s real or assumable rank.”

These suggestions gave a relief to the mind of Mr. Campley: and, on being further pressed, he gave Mr. Ambrook permission to signify, to Edward and the rest,

his consent to their wishes. Mr. Ambrook lost no time in conveying the welcome tidings to the parties concerned. And a general joy was diffused through his own house and the illustrious cottage.

Edward would not offend his father, by appearing now in his labourer's dress. The father had been at Edington only two days: and, through an uncertainty in both father and son how to proceed, they had not yet seen each other. Edward took the same advantage of Mr. Layton's apparel, as Lucy had done of Miss Layton's: and he was introduced in form, by Mr. Ambrook, to his father; whose spirits became much exhilarated on the occasion. For he had deeply lamented the course which his son had taken. Edward, too, received great pleasure from this restoration to his father; for whom he had a warm affection, and to whom he was always desirous of expressing gratitude for his general kindness and indulgence,



gence, as well as the duty which he owed to him as a father. To Edward it was, moreover, a great joy, that he could offer himself to Lucy as not unsuitable to her new fortune and rank.

Mr. Ambrook persuaded the inhabitants of the cottage to become inhabitants of his house. Yet, when the moment came, of quitting the cottage for ever, it was not done without regret. It had long been the scene of virtuous exertions, and had oft yielded rich enjoyment. Although Lucy had not returned to inhabit it, since she went to Mr. Ambrook's on account of her illness, she would go to bid adieu to it. And, even amidst the prosperity of various sorts which surrounded her, when her eye cast its final glance upon that scene of domestic enjoyments, it bore witness to a painful separation of some delicate fibres, from the beloved soil to which they yet adhered. Edward attended her to Mr.

Ambrook's: who had not a lodging-room to offer him, but gladly accepted his society in the day-time. And he procured a tolerable lodging in the village.

When Eynsbury had lived some time at Mr. Ambrook's, the life of a gentleman became so natural to him, that the dread of assuming his title diminished apace. He was pressed also by perpetual intreaties from Mr. Campley (written from Beechwood Hall,) to assume his rank as a matter of decency, and of duty to his family. From his own family and from Edward, he received not one solicitation, not even any indirect suggestion, to proceed in the business.

With regard to the fortune, and the family seat, every measure was going forward which Eynsbury thought consistent with delicacy towards the noble-minded possessor, who was preparing to resign. And Mr. Ambrook reasoned with Eynsbury,

bury, in favour of assuming the title: alleging, among other topics, that a continued rejection of a title so clearly ascertained, and having such an estate to support a suitable appearance, would perhaps be construed into pride and ostentatious singularity, rather than attributed to the true motive. "And, pray," said Eynsbury, "may not those in fact, *be* the true motives? May not I be all the time deceiving myself? The contest becomes somewhat ridiculous. Let us put an end to it. I must laugh at my wealth and badges of elevation, as I have laughed (unequivocally) at my poverty and every mark of my depressed state. I wish I may be as happy as I have been." In this wish Mr. Ambrook heartily concurred; and, by his approbation, supported Eynsbury under a resolution which he perceived him to have taken with a real feeling of reluctance at the time: although any assertion of such reluctance, coming from himself



himself or even from a friend, might receive (and justly too) but small credit in the world.

The next point was, whether the name of Eynsbury was to be retained, or that of Glynn restored. Eynsbury, having consulted with Mary, said to his son; "Paul, we have agreed to refer this point to you. We gave you a name in the cradle: you shall give us one, now that we are hastening to the grave." Paul shrunk at the last idea. "Lucy," continued Eynsbury, "turns her back upon the name, whichever it be. So, you must decide." "I think, we all love Eynsbury," said Paul: "it will remind us of many happy days." And it was decided accordingly. It was contrived to get the necessary forms completed, only against the time of Mr. Glynn's giving up the family mansion. Of which Sir George and Lady Eynsbury proceeded to take possession.

Lucy's

- Lucy's marriage had been deferred to this time. In the interval, Edward had provided a habitation within a convenient distance of Sir George's house. And he now, with a manly transport, received her hand at the altar. They entered upon a life of virtue, mutual affection, and as great felicity as this world seems designed to produce. Their habits of labour, industry, hardiness, frugality, contentment, and playful cheerfulness under misfortune, (for Edward had learnt this last of the Eynsbury family,) never forsook them; but continued to find an use even in a state of affluence, and were diligently taught by Edward and Lucy to their offspring.

Paul had seen in Miss Layton what he thought might, since the change in his station, qualify her to make him a suitable wife. She accepted him. And, in a few years, on the death of Lady Eynsbury, Sir George resigned to them the family mansion,

mansion, together with a considerable part of the estate. - They took possession, truly wishing for a long interval before the remainder of it, with the title, should descend to them.

Mr. Layton was pressed, repeatedly, by his friends, who saw him preyed upon by the continuation of his melancholy, though but faint, to seek a refuge from it in matrimony. Sometimes he complied so far as to visit particular women, with a view to find what he could have wished. But objections to each were discovered. He was not solicitous to philosophise so far as to determine, whether he was merely unfortunate, whether the fault was in his own original fastidiousness, or whether the image of his Constantia was the sole cause. He was able to visit Lucy as Mrs. Campley without pain; and, therefore, with pleasure. With Mrs. Eynsbury too (his sister) and her husband, the faithful, the hardy, and industrious Paul, he could spend time agreeably.



agreeably. Wherever he was, he endeavoured to spend it usefully : which he found the best remedy, although not a complete one, against dejection ; and against that insipid state of the mind, in which nothing can powerfully interest or gratify, and which, of course, to a person of fine feelings, is a state of pain.

Mr. Glynn, having accidentally learnt the extraordinary character of George Eynsbury of the cottage, was incited to seek a place in Sir George's acquaintance. But, while he was hesitating about the most proper means, and even the propriety of making the attempt at all, he received a hint from the baronet (who was still internally the same George Eynsbury of the cottage) that an acquaintance with him would be acceptable. Sir George was not a man to forget the truly gentleman-like spirit, in which the property had been resigned. They formed a friendship which proved a consolation to the age of both.

While

While Edward had been engaged in providing and preparing a habitation previously to the marriage, he had occasion to pass near the house of his old friend and instructor, John Silsden. He staid a night at the house; and, to the great delight and gratification of John and Margaret, related at some length the progress of his affairs, from the time he had passed his apprenticeship with them. He then added something to the scanty payment he had been able to make before. And when, on his father's death, he came into possession of the estate, he offered them a small farm not far from Beechwood hall, on very advantageous terms. They were glad of the offer; as on other accounts, so on account of living near Edward,—and near Lucy too; who interested herself about them, and about whom they felt interested, as they had had a share in bringing forward the marriage. They removed accordingly. They found their establishment considerably improved; and they

they contributed, in various departments, to the convenience of those who had placed them so comfortably.

Mr. Campley's death preceded that of Lady Eynsbury: who saw her daughter the mistress of Beechwood hall. And Sir George, on becoming a widower, having declared his intention of giving up the family seat to Paul, Edward immediately expressed a wish to Lucy, that they might intreat his old master, now his father-in-law, to make Beechwood hall his residence. He granted their wish, and brought an increase of felicity to their family. He was fondly beloved by his grandchildren: and Lucy, in the midst of them, lived over again some of the days of her elder childhood, to which she thought she had bidden an eternal adieu.

THE END. Sept. 1795.